

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER 1850.

PART XXXIV.

RELIGION AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

No. II.

WE have now to inquire whether modern science confirms or invalidates the statements of the sacred writers. And first with regard to the general view of the universe. Humboldt tells us that the most important result of the study of Nature is "a knowledge of the chain of connexion by which all natural forces are linked together,"* "the establishment of the unity and harmony of the stupendous mass of force and matter."† Now, by his own shewing, this is the very point of view in which the sacred writers present the world to us. "The poetry of the Hebrews always embraces the universe in its unity; nature is not depicted as a self-dependent object, glorious in its individual beauty, but as in relation and subjection to a higher spiritual power."‡ "It might almost be said that one single psalm (the 103d) represents the image of the whole Cosmos."§ Our attention will, however, be directed not so much to this psalm, and similar passages, where man recounts before God the wonders of his creation in order to glorify Him, but to those where God recounts to man the history of the creation as a sign of his truth; such particularly as the 1st chapter of Genesis and the 38th of Job. Next let us examine the meaning of each particular statement of Moses and Job; and afterwards we will compare the result with the conclusions of modern science.

Gen. i. 1. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." The words *heaven and earth* are paraphrased by the Church as "*all things visible and invisible*;"|| and by St. Au-

* Cosmos, p. 1.
§ Ibid. p. 413.

† Ibid. p. 3.
|| Nicene Creed.

‡ Ibid. p. 412.

gustine, as "the universal, intelligible, and corporeal creation,"* *i. e.* the spiritual world and the material world. The word *heaven*, therefore, is not to be taken to mean the visible heaven, which was not yet called into being, but all the spiritual and intelligent beings that were created before the present order of things; *earth*, not simply as our globe, but as *matter* in general.

Ver. 2. "And the earth (matter) was unsubstantial and void" (*inanis et vacua*). These same epithets are used together in a line of Virgil, where they are applied to the shadowy realms of the dead:

"Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis *vacuas* et *inania* regna."†

The LXX. have "invisible and unfurnished," *i. e.* unorganised and unarranged. Now, was matter first created in this chaotic state? "It may have been," says St. Augustine; "it is no absurdity to say that God created matter first formless, and then formed."‡ The beginning of Genesis may perhaps be commented on somewhat as follows: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," that is, the spiritual world and the material world; (but after that the first of created spirits had fallen off from God, and had drawn down into perdition a great part of creation with him,§ thus) "the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." "For," as St. Thomas says, "the angels and the material creation form together one universe, neither being perfect without the other;"|| the destruction of the latter would therefore be as natural a consequence of the fall of the former, as the malediction of the earth was a consequence of the fall of man. Anyhow, our present order has been produced out of a vague, hollow, unsubstantial, empty state of matter. So says Moses; so says also the chemist, who traces almost all matter to a gaseous form; so says the astronomer, who tells us that the whole universe was once in a state of cosmical vapour. But there was a time when men of science did not suspect this fact; and then the simple faith of the believer was wiser than the wisdom of the world. "Fide intelligimus," says St. Paul, "aptata esse sæcula verbo Dei, *ita ut ex invisibilibus visibilia fierent*."¶

"And darkness was upon the face of the abyss." The boundless space in which this attenuated matter was contained was in darkness, silence, and inertia. During this period of

* Confessions, xiii. § 40.

† Æn. vi. 268.

‡ Confessions, *ubi sup.*

§ This, of course, is but a speculation.

|| Sum. i. q. lxi. 3.

¶ Heb. xi. 3.

desolation all was still as death ; as yet there was no motion, no germ of restoration and re-organisation.

“And the spirit of God moved (*ferebatur*) upon the waters.” Here we are told of the commencement of the re-formation of the chaotic universe. David alludes to this when he says, “Thou shalt send forth thy spirit, and they shall be created ; and *Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.*” * But what is the meaning of the terms *spirit of God* and *waters* ? The spirit cannot mean the Holy Ghost, as it is impossible for God to be in any such mechanical relation to matter as is here described, neither could there be real *waters* when all matter is in the state of vapour. It is probable that as Moses had been led to speak of space under the name of the deep, or abyss, so he called the attenuated matter which was contained therein *waters*, a name applicable with as great propriety to the *fluid* cosmical vapour, as “*aerial ocean*” † is to our atmosphere. Assuming, then, the term *waters* to mean the cosmical vapour, the *spirit of God* would be something having the same relation to it as our atmosphere and winds bear to our seas and oceans of waters. Accordingly Humboldt tells us that, besides the “matter agglomerated into rotating spheres, or scattered through space in the form of self-luminous vapour, . . . besides these luminous clouds and nebulae of definite form, exact and corresponding observations indicate the existence and general distribution of an apparently non-luminous, infinitely divided matter, which possesses a force of resistance :” ‡ this *spirit* he afterwards calls “*ætherial*.” The æther is supposed to be a most subtle and attenuated fluid, reaching to the utmost bounds of the universe, which aids the energies of nature, and, filling all space, is a means of communication with other planets and other systems. Non-luminous itself, it is luminiferous, conveying light, not by local motion, but by vibrations of a certain velocity. It is only by vibrations within fixed limits that light is produced ; up to those limits, and beyond them, vibrations may still occur, but they do not produce vision. It is suspected, however, that they produce all the various phenomena of heat and electricity ; perhaps also the laws of gravitation and attraction depend on the same cause. It is a question not yet, we believe, decided, whether attraction is a virtue filling all space from the moment of its existence, or whether, like light, it is propagated in time. Now how beautifully does the account of Moses fall in with all this ! First we have the dead, dark, unsubstantial chaos ; then motion begins in the æther ; the spirit of God was moving on the

* Ps. ciii. 30.

† Cosmos, p. 153.

‡ Ibid. pp. 67, 69.

fluid vapours; the vibration gradually becomes more and more rapid, till it arrives at the point when the fiat goes forth: "And God said, Light be; and light was made," and the universe is lighted up with a blaze of splendour.

Observe that Moses does not say that motion commenced in the æther independently of the nebulous matter; it began by the movement of the æther *on the fluid vapours*. These vapours are the points of origin for the light, and they, not the æther, are self-luminous. The æther, however, is the vehicle of all motion; and, in consequence of its importance in nature, it is by a very common biblical figure called the *spirit of God*; not as if there was any thing divine in it, but to shew that, with all its importance, it is but an unconscious instrument in God's hands for accomplishing his designs.

"And God saw the light, that it was good; and He divided the light from the darkness." Not that He made a formal line of separation between light and darkness, as between sea and land, but because out of that which was before darkness, the still and torpid æther, He made light to shine,—"*dixit de tenebris lucem splendescere*,"* as it might be said that He separated man out of the dust of the earth.

"And He called the light *day*, and the darkness night; and there was evening and morning, one day." The word 'day,' then, as Moses defines it, does not refer to any period of time, however long; it simply means light, the motion of the æther, the great agent in the restoration and renewal of the universe. And the contrary to this, darkness, inertia, death, is called night. Our Lord uses the words in the same sense: "I must work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."† St. Paul also appears to use the word 'day' in the sense of fire, light, manifestation, illumination, in such passages as 1 Cor. iii. 13, and iv. 3.

This consideration will help us to understand the meaning of the word 'day' in the next clause, "*Factumque est vespere et mane, dies unus*,"—what with evening and morning there was made up one day." The note to the Douay translation informs us that "God created on the first day *light*, which being moved from east to west by its rising and setting, made morning and evening." But Moses puts evening first: it is hard to see how the first dawn of light upon the world should be *evening*. No; as *day* does not signify *time*, but *agency*, so evening and morning signify the gradual dawning of light out of darkness, the development of the day or agency from inactivity or non-being (evening), into being and activity (morn-

* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

† St. John ix. 4.

ing), from mere possible to actual existence. Notice also that for this day the cardinal number is used—the evening and morning were *one* day*—while ordinal numbers are used for the other days, “the *second, third, fourth, &c.* days.” Does not this seem to point to the inference that the *light* is the one great agent in the present constitution of the universe; and that the other agents, represented by the work of the succeeding days, are secondary and derivative, perhaps only new applications of the one primary and original power?

Let us now turn to the book of Job, in the 38th chapter of which the Almighty is introduced as questioning Job, in order to shew him his ignorance of the creation; the questions being so put as to contain in themselves their own solution; let us see whether it corresponds to our interpretation of the account of Moses.

“Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? tell me, if thou hast understanding. Who laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who stretched the line upon it? Upon what are its bases grounded? or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody?” Now assuming these four verses to be merely an amplification of the first verse of Genesis, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,” we have the *heavens*, the *morning stars*, and *sons of God*, first created, and then rejoicing over the earth, the material universe, which God made for their use and enjoyment, and which He created, not a *tohu* and *bohu*, unstable, invisible, formless, and void, but laid on foundations, measured with the line, grounded on bases, accurately finished off with corner-stones; no chaos, but a cosmos of order, beauty, stability, and regularity.

Next we find described the invasion of chaos, confusion, and disorder, and the destruction of this primitive universe by reducing it all to darkness, clouds, and fluid vapour; answering to the second verse of Moses, “And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” “Who shut up the sea with doors when it broke forth as issuing out of the womb; when I made the cloud its garment, and wrapped it in darkness as in an infant’s swaddling clothes? I set my bounds around it, and made it bars and doors; and I said, Hitherto thou shalt come, and shalt go no further; and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves.” Here we have, first, the breaking forth of the unsubstantial chaotic waters,

* In the original Hebrew the cardinal number *one* (אֶחָד) is in like manner used in speaking of the “first day.”

the "*aqua intolerabilis*,"* that yields no support, no foundation; then the enveloping all this in clouds and darkness; then the bounds, bars, and doors, answering to the "*face of the deep*" in Genesis, shewing that the chaotic universe was not infinite, but had its own limits; lastly, in the term "*tumentes fluctus*," proudly-swelling waves, the cause of the disaster is hinted at, the pride of Lucifer and his apostate spirits.

We come now to the restoration of the world by the agency of light. "Didst thou since thy birth command the morning, and shew the dawning of the day its place? And didst thou hold the extremities of the earth shaking them, and hast thou shaken the impious out of it?" To command the morning is the same as to say, "Be light made;" and to shew the dawn its place is to divide the light from the darkness. The shaking of the extremities or surface of matter beautifully expresses the production of light by the vibration of the æther on the fluid vapour; the *impious*, that is, the fallen spirits, are put for darkness, which was *shaken* out by the ætherial vibrations of the light. No modern philosopher could more accurately express the probable production of light than these words of Job, "*Tenuisti concutiens extrema terræ, et excussisti impios ex ea*," remembering that *terra* means the whole material creation. To proceed: "The seal shall be restored as clay, and shall stand as a garment." "The *seal*," that is, the universe, which, as St. Paul says, bears the impress of God's eternal power and wisdom,†—"The seal shall be restored as clay." Evidently, then, God had before formed this clay into shape, and had destroyed his work, and was now, by the agency of light, about to restore the formless matter to shape and beauty. "And it shall stand as a garment." The universe is compared to the garment of God, because it serves both to reveal to man what may be known of God, and at the same time to veil Him from our eyes. The beauty of this image has not escaped Goethe, who makes his Earth-spirit in Faust say:

"At the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

The LXX. translation of this verse is at first sight unaccountably different, though in sense it harmonises beautifully with what is here said: "Was it you that took miry clay, and formed a living creature, and endowed him with speech upon the earth?" The miry clay is the formless matter out of which the universe was made; and when formed, it is compared to a living creature endowed with speech to proclaim

* Ps. cxiii.

† Rom. i. 20.

the glory, power, and divinity of God. The same idea is found in Psalm xviii.: "The heavens shew forth the glory of God. Day to day uttereth speech; there are no languages where their voices are not heard. Their sound has gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." Job proceeds: "From the wicked their light shall be taken away, and the high arm shall be broken." This refers to the moral world: as light invaded the realms of darkness, so shall the light of the wicked, that is evil, be destroyed, and the power of Satan broken.

The second day's work.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament made in the midst of the waters: and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made a firmament, and divided the waters that were under the firmament from the waters that were above the firmament: and it was so."* These waters, as we must remember, are the whole mass of fluid cosmical vapour which then constituted the whole material world. A firmament is the first effect produced in these fluids by the action of the light. What, then, is the firmament? According to the words just quoted, it comprises two great characteristics,—a making firm, or fixing; and a division, dividing waters from waters, separating the cosmical vapour into fixed definite masses. We may compare with this the expression of Abraham to Dives in the Gospel, "Between us and you a great chasm is placed as a firmament"† (μέγα χάσμα στήρικται). We may also notice the way in which the ideas of fixing and spreading forth or extending the heavens and earth are interchanged in the various translations.‡ Moses seems to tell us that the first action of the light on the mass of nebulous matter was to rouse its repulsive forces in such a way as to cause the violent separation and eternal division, as by a fixed chasm, or expanse of pure æther, of the different masses of fluid matter; some of these masses are said to be above, others below, this expanse.

"And God called the firmament heaven." *Heaven* here is evidently to be taken in a different sense from *heaven* in the first verse, where it signified the whole world of created spirits. Now it is applied to the newly-formed expanse of the firmament, the material heaven, the clear fields of æther, the great type of the spiritual kingdom which the religious man aspires to.

* Gen. i. 6.

† Luke xvi. 26.

‡ Compare Job xxxvii. 18; Isaias xlii. 5; xliv. 24; xlv. 12; and li. 6, in the Vulgate, LXX., and English Protestant versions.

It is remarkable that we do not read of God's pronouncing the firmament to be good, as He did with regard to the light, and as we shall find was the case with the work of all the other days,—perhaps because the firmament is a mere vacant chasm or abyss, necessary for the free circulation of the universe, but in itself of no positive value, and therefore not pronounced to be good.

“And the evening and morning”—the gradual dawn and perfection of this process of expansion—were “the second day” or agency in the renewal of the universe.

Let us now turn to the corresponding passage in Job: “Hast thou entered into the depths of the sea, and walked in the lowest parts of the abyss? Have the gates of death been opened to thee, and hast thou seen the darksome doors? Hast thou considered the breadth of the earth? tell me, if thou knowest all things? Where is the way where light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness: that thou mayest bring every thing to its own bounds, and understand the paths of the house thereof. Didst thou know, then, that thou shouldst be born? and didst thou know the number of thy days?”* It appears difficult at first sight to see how any thing described here corresponds with the Mosaic firmament; but let us examine the connexion with what has gone before. We have the sea, or great mass of nebulous vapour, shrouded with darkness and mist;† the light produced by the shaking or vibration of the extremities of matter, or, in the words of Moses, by the spirit of God moving on the waters.‡ Now we have this light penetrating the inert mass, entering the depths of the sea of nebulous fluid, and moving in the lowest parts of the abyss; and the effect that follows is, that the masses of vapour dispart and roll asunder like the valves of folding-doors, giving us to understand that the same agency which causes the first division of matter, communicates also to it its first impulse of rotation. Next Job is asked, “Hast thou considered the breadth of the earth?” or as the LXX. have it, “of that beneath the heaven” (*εὐρος τῆς ὑπ’ οὐρανόν*), reminding us of the Mosaic division of waters, or nebulous matter, above and under the firmament. The question then seems to suggest to us that this matter was divided into masses of determinate quantity “by number, measure, and weight.” “Where is the way” (or, LXX., “in what earth or matter”) “where light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness? that thou mayest bring every thing to its own bounds.” In all this chaotic confusion of matter, God took care to divide

* Job xxxviii. 16-21.

† Ver. 8, 9.

‡ Ver. 13.

just proportions of such as was fit to form luminous bodies, and such as would only make opaque non-luminous bodies, and to bring their proportions to their own bounds; to assign to the nebulous patches that were hereafter to be resolved into systems of stars the proportion of each kind of matter. And in the last verse, "Didst thou, then, know that thou shouldest be born?"—or as the LXX. render it, ironically, "I know, indeed, that thou wast then in being, and the great number of thy years,"—God seems to give us a hint of the unnumbered ages that have passed away since this primitive division of the nebulous matter of the universe into determinate quantities, and separating them from each other by fixed and impassable chasms.

The work of the third day.

"God also said, Let the waters that are under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry appear. And it was so done."* By the agency of the second day, the nebulous matter had been divided into distinct masses, partly above, partly below, the firmament. Our attention is now directed solely to these latter. "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place," that is, not one sole place, but let each mass be condensed and gathered into a closer form. In the next verse these collections are called *congregations* (in the plural), and in the LXX. *systems* of waters, collections of fluid matter gradually condensing and contracting. And the result of this collection and condensation is the appearance of the *arida*, dry, hard, solid matter. As the energy of the second day seems to be the development of the power of repulsion, so that of the third day is the power of attraction and gravitation, giving rise to chemical combination. The word *arida*, in opposition to the waters, certainly means matter in a solid form; but it also suggests to us the idea of *dry* in the sense of *hot* or *burnt*; as if the effect of the condensation of the cosmical vapour was the evolution of intense heat. The heat thus evolved may be connected with the chemical combination of matter, whether its elements or primary molecules are homogeneous, or whether, as is very supposable, on the hypothesis of the vapour being only the ruin of a former universe, these molecules were originally distinct in their properties and chemical affinities; in each case the great chemical agent is the heat evolved by the mechanical condensation of the rotating masses of nebulous vapour. The che-

* Gen. i. 9.

mical laws once set in motion, bodies of different chemical properties and different specific gravities are produced, such as rocks, metals, earths, fluids, vapours. In the process of solidification, these component parts take their position according to the laws of gravitation, the solids forming the centre, the fluids taking their place above them, and the whole being surrounded by a vast atmosphere of vapours and gases. The continued action of the same laws producing new combinations and explosions, upheaves portions of the solid centre, the fluids become displaced and divided, and, instead of covering the whole globe in a uniform way, become collected together into seas and oceans. Thus our earth, and all other bodies where the same chemical combinations occur, was divided in two great parts, the fluid and the solid.

“And God called the dry, earth; and the collections of waters He called seas; and God saw that it was good.” Here the word *earth*, used in the first verse to denote matter in general, is used in a restricted sense, to denote a new development of matter in a solid form. And certainly, though physically the primitive form of matter is the gaseous, the notion of form, weight, impenetrability, are inseparably connected with our *idea* of matter; any one who thinks of matter, naturally thinks of a solid impenetrable substance; the *arida*, or dry solid matter is our ideal of matter, and therefore the original name of matter in general, namely, *earth*, becomes restricted to it. And the collections of fluids are called *seas* or *oceans*, a name that reminds us of the primitive waters or oceans of cosmical vapour; and the name is thus applied because our collections of fluids,—the ocean and the atmosphere and the clouds,—are the only representatives left to us of the primitive ocean of nebulous matter of which the universe is composed.

But this third agency did not stop with inorganic matter: “And He said, Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth. And it was so done. And the earth brought forth the green herb, and such as yieldeth seed according to its kind, and the tree that beareth fruit, having seed each one according to its kind. And God saw that it was good.”* Here we have three great divisions of the vegetable kingdom: the green herb (Heb. *descheh*, germen), the seeding herb (*hescheb*, herba), the tree (*hets*, arbor). No sooner, we may suppose, has the solid rock been elevated above the waters into the atmosphere, than, by

* Gen. i. 11.

the continued action of the same ch  mical laws that caused the first combination of inorganic matter, it gradually acquired a coating of vegetable fibres, one organic tissue rising, like strata, over the other, so that "where lofty forest-trees now rear their towering summits, the sole covering of the barren rock was once the tender lichen; the long and immeasurable interval being filled up by the growth of grasses, herbaceous plants, and shrubs."*

And although Moses places the creation of the vegetable kingdom in the third day, before the formation of the sun, and consequently before any provision was made for the *periodicity* of vegetable life, yet, as we shall have occasion to see afterwards, we need only understand the *commencement* of vegetation, such as those mosses and cryptogamia which flourish during the long night of an arctic winter; we need not suppose that this class of organic objects was brought to perfection all at once. For here, as in the other agencies, we are told that "the evening and morning were the third day;" the gradual evolution and development of the laws by which matter became condensed, combined, and organised, was the third agency in the restoration of form and order to the universe.

Let us now return to the book of Job, and examine the corresponding passage: "Hast thou entered into the store-houses of the snow, or hast thou beheld the treasures of the hail? which I have prepared for the time of the enemy, against the day of battle and war? By what way is light scattered, and heat divided upon the earth?" (The LXX. render this verse, "Whence comes forth the frost (*πάχυνη*, the congealed or solidified fluid; from *πήγνυμι*), or whence is the south wind divided to that beneath the heaven?") "Who gave the course to the violent shower, and the way of the sounding thunder; that it should rain on the earth without man in the desert, where no mortal dwelleth; that it should fill the pathless and desolate (earth), and produce the green herb (*desc  h  *)? Who is the father of the rain? or who begot the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the freezing from heaven who hath gendered it? The waters are hardened into the likeness of stone, and the surface of the abyss is bound together."

Here we evidently have two great agencies described,—the congelation or solidification of the waters or fluid matter, and the production of the *desc  h  *, the *germina*, or cellular plants of Moses, on the surface of the desolate and desert earth.

* Humboldt's Views of Nature, p. 214.

† Job xxxviii. 22-30.

The storehouses of snow, and treasures of hail, are the solid globes which have been condensed from the fluid vapour; and these, as St. Peter says, "are treasured up, being reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of the impious."* Whence, too, is the *light* or (LXX. *πάχνη*) congelation, and heat, or (LXX.) south wind? The connexion seems to imply that by the very process of condensation and solidification, the heat was radiated forth into space. Then we find a process described as violent storm and thunder; perhaps some electrical action which acted on the bare surface of the newly formed earth, and produced the first vegetable fibres, the germens, upon it. Then it appears as if the first process was again described: first we have the rain, or fluid waters, dividing into drops, to signify the spherical form assumed by the condensed vapours; then the further hardening of this, as into hail and ice,—thus the waters, or fluid matter, are gradually condensed into a solid, and the surface is bound together, leaving the centre of the orbs still in a state of fusion and fluidity. It would be difficult to find a more just or striking analogy by which to represent what is supposed to be the mode of the formation of the rotating spheres with which the regions of space are peopled.

The work of the fourth day.

"And God said, Let there be luminaries made in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day and the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years, to shine in the firmament of heaven, and to give light upon the earth. And it was so done. And God made two great luminaries; a greater luminary to rule the day, and a lesser luminary to rule the night; and the stars. And He set them in the firmament of heaven, to shine upon the earth, and to rule the day and the night, and to divide the light and the darkness. And God saw that it was good."† If all the vaporous matter out of which our universe was agglomerated was originally self-luminous, it is not easy to see why the only body of our system which generates light in any considerable quantity should be its central body—the sun. Sir Isaac Newton felt this difficulty: "How the matter should divide itself into two sorts; and that part of it which is fit to compose a shining body should fall into one mass, and make a sun; and the rest, which is fit to compose an opaque body, should coalesce into many little bodies . . . I do not think explicable

* 2 Peter iii. 7.

† Gen. i. 14-18.

by mere natural causes."* It is this apportionment of luminous matter which Moses describes as the work of the fourth day.

"Let there be luminaries made in the firmament of heaven." If the light of the sun proceeds from a luminous atmosphere; and if from the analogy of other heavenly bodies, it appears probable that this atmosphere had originally a vast extension, perhaps many times the distance of Uranus; it is manifest that the planets, if they then existed, must have floated in an atmosphere of light; and even if this atmosphere gravitated, they must themselves have been luminous bodies. And the agency by which this far-diffused atmosphere has been withdrawn from the neighbourhood of the planets and condensed round the sun, would be most properly and naturally described in the words, "Let there be luminaries made." Such an agency would reduce our system from being a vast nebulous mass, with a great nucleus, and some smaller ones circulating round it in the luminous atmosphere, to its present form. The same thing would take place in other systems (whether they have planets belonging to them or no); and instead of the heavens being occupied by patches of nebulous vapour, it would now be studded with luminaries or stars.

And what was to be the effect of this concentration of the luminous atmosphere? "To divide the day and the night, to be for signs and seasons, and for days and years, and to give light upon the earth." It is evident that if the earth once floated within the boundaries of the solar luminous atmosphere, it was then surrounded with light on all sides, there could have been no division of light and darkness, day and night,—every part of the sphere was equally illuminated, and there was a total absence of all shadow; but as soon as the light was made to issue from the central body as its origin, and to shine on the non-luminous bodies, then there was light on the side turned towards the central body, and darkness or shadow on the reverse side. And the word *day*, which was at first used for *light*, is now restricted to mean the time during which a given point in the disk of the earth enjoys the light of the sun; night the time during which it is turned away from that luminary; or the word is taken in a wider sense, to express the whole period of rotation of the earth, a day and a night.

And not only does this concentration of light into one source of illumination render the division of day and night

* Newton's first letter to Bentley, quoted by Whewell in his *Bridgewater Treatise*.

first possible, but it is also necessary for the computation and distinction of times, seasons, and years. While the earth was included in the limits of the solar atmosphere, it probably enjoyed a kind of perpetual *aurora borealis*; it was, as it were, self-illuminated; it floated in a dense opaque luminous mist, which rendered all other bodies invisible to it; it had no sun to be the measure of its time.

“And God made two great luminaries”—two chief sources of light. The light now originating only from the luminous bodies, or suns, and shining upon non-luminous or but faintly luminous orbs of matter, gave rise to a new kind of light, to reflected light. Thus two distinct sources of illumination were called into being, self-luminous bodies, and bodies reflecting light. These two kinds of sources of illumination are represented to us by our two great luminaries, the sun and the moon. The sun, the greater light, the source of original as distinguished from reflected light, “to preside over the day, and the lesser luminary,” the moon, the great source of our reflected light, “to preside over the night; and the stars”—the planets, reflecting light like the moon, and the fixed stars, sources of original light, like the sun, but so distant as to have little or no vivifying influence on our earth. “And He set them in the firmament of heaven, to shine upon the earth, and to rule the day and the night, and to divide the light and the darkness.” It is the law of refraction, or change of the direction of a ray of light by any object, that gives rise to shadow and darkness; therefore this division of light into two kinds, the greater and lesser, original and reflected, by its concentration into suns, thus giving rise to the phenomena of reflection, may well be called a division between light and darkness. And the lesser or reflected light may be said to preside over the night, because whatever light and heat, and life and activity, the night has, depends on this power of light, its reflection, absorption, and radiation.

“And God saw that it was good: and the evening and the morning were the fourth day.” The gradual contraction and condensation of the luminous solar atmosphere was the fourth great agency in the formation of the universe.

Turning to the book of Job, we find this agency described in the following terms: “Shalt thou be able to join together the shining stars the Pleiades, or canst thou stop the turning about of Arcturus? Canst thou bring forth the day-star in its time, and make the evening-star to rise upon the children of men? Dost thou know the order of heaven, and wilt thou set down the proportion (*ratio*) of it on the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, and shall the force of the

waters cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, and will they go, and will they return to thee, and say, Here we are? Who hath put wisdom in the heart of man, or who gave the cock understanding? Who hath related the order of the heavens, and who will make the harmony of heaven to sleep? When was the dust poured forth on the earth, and the clods coagulated?"* It is clear, at first sight, that this passage refers to the fourth day's work of Moses. The ordering of the heavenly bodies, to be for times and seasons, and days and years to the earth. But a more minute examination will shew a more minute coincidence. First, Job is asked, "Numquid conjungere valebis micantes stellas Pleiadas, aut gyrum Arcturi poteris dissipare?" "Wilt thou be able to conjoin the shining Pleiades, or to dissipate the whirl of Arcturus?" or, as the LXX. render it: "Dost thou understand the chain of the Pleias, and hast thou opened the boundary of Orion?" The question in both instances seems to refer to the difference between nebulous stars, whose luminous atmosphere is spread over an immense space, and agglomerated and sharply defined stars: the Pleiades, or chain of the Pleias, is taken as an example of the former, and Arcturus, or Orion, of the latter. Job is asked whether he knew how to condense and agglomerate the diffused light of the former, or to dissipate the condensed light of the latter. What particular celestial bodies were intended by the Hebrew *Cimah* and *Cecil* we have no means of knowing, only it is evident from the context that one was something to be *bound, conjoined, condensed, and agglomerated*, the other something to be *loosed and dissipated*; one, that is, a nebulous body, the other a definite orb.

"Canst thou bring forth the *day-star* (LXX. Mazzuroth, the twelve signs of the zodiac,) in its time, and make the evening-star to rise upon the children of men? Dost thou know the order of heaven, and its influence (*ratio*) on the earth?" Of course, immediately the solar atmosphere is condensed, the central body becomes the great luminary of the system; then begins the apparent motion of the heavens for the division of times and seasons, by the alternation of heat and cold, light and darkness.

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, and shall the force of waters cover thee?" LXX. "and with the trembling of the headlong waters, will it obey thee?" These words seem admirably to express the means by which we have supposed this effect to be produced, namely, the gradual concentration of the nebulous solar atmosphere round the orb of

* Job xxxviii. 31.

the sun. The central body lifts up its voice, exerts some attractive influence on the widely extended luminous atmosphere, and the nebulous matter concentrates itself round it, as a cloud descends in water upon the earth.

"Canst thou send lightnings, and will they go, and will they return to thee, and say, Here we are?" The luminous atmosphere being once concentrated, and the sun made the luminary of the system, it sends forth its rays of light on all sides, and they go, till they strike some mass of opaque matter, which reflects them, and makes them return towards the source from which they proceeded.

"Who hath put wisdom in the heart of man, or who gave the cock understanding?" The understanding of the cock is evidently that instinct by which he distinguishes his times of crowing in the night; and the wisdom of man is the same, as may be seen from various passages of Scripture: *e.g.* "The heart of a wise man understandeth time and answer."* The LXX. translation of this verse is remarkably different: "Who gave to women the wisdom of weaving and the art of embroidery?" alluding perhaps to the intersections of the paths of the planets, and the fanciful configuration of the constellations, as laid down on celestial maps, which remind one of the intersection of the warp and woof in weaving and the patterns of embroidery. The use of the words *κόσμος* and *mundus*, both of which originally referred to the ornaments of female dress, to signify the universe, arises from the same kind of analogy.

The next two verses speak of the order and harmony of heaven, which produces times and seasons on the earth, making the dust fly in clouds in the summer, and the miry clods stick together in the winter.

It may perhaps be thought that our hypothesis of the concentration of the solar atmosphere being the great work of the fourth day is only a gratuitous assumption, not at all borne out by the words of Scripture. But if we consider it in connexion with the preceding day's work, it seems to follow naturally enough. We have seen matter in its primitive state of vapour filling the dark abyss of space—then penetrated by light—then divided into distinct masses by fixed chasms or firmaments—then gradually condensing into solid orbs, yet at present without any fixed sources of light, or division of day and night, light and darkness, times and seasons. How was this? To reason from the analogy of other celestial bodies, our system was probably once similar to those nebulous stars which Herschel has discovered, in which the

* Eccles. viii. 5; see also Apoc. xiii. 18, and xvii. 9.

outermost nebulous layer must be 150 times further removed from the central body than our earth is from the sun. If, therefore, the nebulous star were to occupy the place of our sun, its atmosphere would not only include the orbit of Uranus, but even extend eight times beyond it. It is probable, then, that the luminous solar atmosphere was formerly vastly more extended than it now is, and included the orbits of all the planets. But now, as it is evident that neither the planets nor the nucleus of the sun are formed of self-luminous matter, why may not the whole planetary system have been formed, and in full mechanical action, while the solar atmosphere was thus extended? It is quite evident that the vapour of which our system was originally formed was resolvable into non-luminous matter, which coalesced so as to form the bodies of the sun, planets, and comets, and the residuum of self-luminous vapour, which now forms the vaporious envelope of the sun. Perhaps the distinction between these forms of matter is the true explanation of the division between light and darkness in the work of the first day. We find that though the cosmical vapour dispersed in space appears to be self-luminous, yet the almost equally vaporious comets which circulate in our system shine only or principally with a reflected light; and though in our system the sun is the only body that has the power of originating light in considerable quantities, yet planets also, such as Venus and the Earth, have some light of their own—something which may be a memorial of a period when they circulated in the solar atmosphere as nuclei of a nebula revolving round each other, like a system of multiple stars. If this ever was the case, it is clear that, at some period or other, an agency must have been introduced which caused the diffused luminous atmosphere to gravitate and condense round the central body, and to leave the smaller orbs; such an agency, as we have shewn, is in perfect accordance with the language of Moses and of Job.

The work of the fifth and sixth days.

“ God also said, Let the waters bring forth the creeping creature having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth under the firmament of heaven. And God created the great whales, and every living and moving creature, which the waters brought forth, according to their kinds, and every winged fowl according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. And He blessed them, saying, Increase and multiply, and fill the waters of the sea; and let the birds be multiplied upon the earth. And the evening and morning were the

fifth day." After the gradual cooling of the heat produced by the solidification of the arida, or solid mass of the earth, and when the concentration of the luminous atmosphere round the sun had provided for the succession of day and night, and assigned the periods of the prime want of organic nature, repose and sleep, then a new agency was introduced into the world which produced animal life.

The expression, "let the waters produce," seems to point to the fact, that the water is the chief seat of animal, as land of vegetable life; and also to lead us in imagination to a period when, though our globe was consolidated, and water, air, and atmosphere separated, yet the separation was not such as now, in mountain-ridges, high table-lands, and dry plains, but when the earth presented only a dreary expanse of hot slime and muddy water;—in this state of things animal life begins to appear; first, fishes, mollusca, shell-fish, vertebrated fish and reptiles; gradually, as the overcharged waters deposit what they held in solution, and islands and continents are raised by successive throes of the inward fire, birds make their appearance, and the deepened and purified seas become fit habitations for the gigantic fishes, the monsters of the deep. And this completed the fifth day of creation.

The work of the sixth day is only a continuation and development of the same agency, producing now, not ovipara, but mammalia. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth according to their kinds. And God made them . . . and God saw that it was good."* This seems to refer to the mammalia, whether of the land or sea; for in Scripture language, beasts and cattle are the inhabitants of the sea, as well as of the land; thus we have, "There (in the sea) are great and wonderful works; a variety of beasts, and of all cattle, and the monsters of creation."† In the same way, Horace calls the animals of the sea, "the cattle of Proteus."

Turning now to Job, it does not appear that the distinction between the fifth and sixth days' work is there kept up. "Wilt thou take the prey for the lioness, and satisfy the appetite of her whelps, when they crouch in dens, and lie in wait in holes? Who provideth food for the raven, when her young ones cry to God, wandering about, because they have no meat?"‡ But then it may easily be seen, that no description of the *commencement* of animal life is here intended; for we are introduced to animals of prey, lying in wait for their victims. Perhaps, however, the word rendered *lioness* is cor-

* Gen. i. 24.

† Ecclus. xliii. 27.

‡ Job xxxviii. 39.

rupt; at any rate the word translated *catuli*, or *whelps*, in the Vulgate, is rendered *dragons* by the LXX., leading us to suppose that it was intended, first of all, to refer to the fish and reptiles of the sea; then comes the raven to represent the birds.

This conjecture is strengthened by the commencement of the next chapter, which seems evidently to refer to the work of the sixth day, the creation of the mammalia: "Knowest thou the time when the wild goats bring forth among the rocks, or hast thou observed the hinds when they fawn? Hast thou numbered the months of their conceiving, or knowest thou the time when they bring forth? They bow themselves to bring forth young, and they cast them, and send forth roarings. Their young are weaned, and go to feed; they go forth, and return not to them."* Here God is evidently calling Job's attention to the viviparous animals, as distinguished from the fishes, reptiles, and birds of the former period.

Lastly, as the earth was now ripe for bearing the crown of its organisation, man appears on the stage. "And God said, Let us make man to our image and likeness." Man is the last and most perfect of the creatures of God.

"And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good; and the evening and morning were the sixth day."† After each development of creative agency (except the second, where we attempted to assign a reason), God considered it, and pronounced it to be good. And here, again, at the close of the sixth day, He looks over all the creatures that He has made once more, to see whether they were brought to the requisite degree of perfection; and He finds them to be so. "They were very good." On the other hand, we may remark that, after the creation of man, God is not said to have pronounced of him separately that he was good, but only as included in the rest of the creation. He is good, that is, as an animal adapted, in all respects, to the state of things with which he is surrounded. But as man, as belonging to the spiritual world, it is not yet determined whether he is good or no; for that depends on his conduct. Hence we see that God does not pronounce a thing to be good till after a trial, till after counteracting influences have been adjusted, and difficulties removed, as if each introduction of a new agency into the world began with night, and brightened up into morning—began with chaotic confusion, with revolutions and catastrophes, which had to be gradually calmed down till the equilibrium was gained.

* Job xxxix. 1.

† Gen. i. 31.

And this state of equilibrium or rest is represented by Moses as a new agency. "So the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the furniture of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all his work which He had done. And He blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because in it He had rested from all his work which God created and made." A period is now put to the introduction of new agencies. After the formation of man, nothing higher or more excellent is to be created on the earth. Not that God rests; for our Lord says, "My Father worketh till now, and I work;" but it is only in upholding and prolonging the old agencies, not in introducing fresh ones. The seventh day is the introduction of the principle of stability and rest, that all things should quietly fulfil their course with the continual recurrence of disturbing revolutions.

It is to be noticed that we do not read of this day that its evening and morning were the seventh day. It is a day, not of development, but of preservation. It has in it nothing that develops from not-being into being; but it is the principle of stability, which attaches to all things that God has made.

CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

No. II.—NAPLES; TUSCANY.

It would be a most unpardonable neglect in any one who had undertaken to give an account, however brief, of the Italian sanctuaries of the Madonna, not to make special mention of the people of the kingdom of Naples. Even though none of their sanctuaries, when taken alone, be of sufficient celebrity to demand distinct notice in a calendar so short as ours, still there is something so striking, not only in the degree, but yet more in the character, of their devotion towards our Blessed Lady, that I am sure those of your readers who have never witnessed it for themselves will excuse a short digression for the sake of becoming acquainted with it. "Bring back with you some of the Neapolitan faith," said the late Pope, on taking leave of an ecclesiastic in Rome, who was going to pay a visit to this kingdom. And certainly it is quite impossible to reside here for any length of time, and to study the character of the people at all carefully, without acknowledging the justice of the comparison which such a speech implied.

What the Apostle testified concerning the Romans, may be now applied literally to the Neapolitans also, that "their faith is spoken of in the whole world."

It is not only that a few outward circumstances of devotion, common in the early Church, but now generally abandoned, still linger among the faithful in these parts, though even these cannot fail to arrest the attention of every student of Christian antiquity; but much more, the remarkable manner in which this faith seems present to their minds at all times, and even in the most trifling matters, as an inseparable part of themselves. Thus, you cannot visit any of the churches frequented by the poor of Naples, without witnessing again and again the hands outstretched in the form of a cross, according to the ancient attitude of Christian prayer, as they kneel in silent adoration before the Blessed Sacrament; and still more commonly, the people bowing their heads to the ground and kissing the pavement of the church as they enter it, or touching the pavement with their hands and then kissing them, exactly according to the double method described by St. Chrysostom as being in common use amongst the Christians of his own days.* But outward details like these, interesting as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when compared with such tokens of lively faith as are exhibited in the following anecdotes, whose accuracy may be relied upon; the one being attested by the Abbé Gaume, the other having happened to one of my own personal friends but a few months since.

A French priest, after regaling himself with fresh figs in the garden of some Neapolitan peasant, asked for a drop of water and a towel to wash his hands; but when he proceeded for this purpose to make use of the first cloth he could meet with, the goodwoman of the house prevented him, saying that it was not worthy of hands which handled day after day the sacred Body and Blood of Christ, and insisted upon bringing him the finest linen which her stores could supply. In the other instance, a Maltese priest having some disagreement with a *vetturino* whom he had been employing as to the value of his services, the *vetturino* grew angry, and at length seemed disposed to strike him. Upon this the porter of the hotel called out to him to take care what he was about, for that the gentleman was a priest (my friend was travelling in a secular dress). Immediately the poor man was upon his knees, begging pardon for all he had said, and refusing to receive even what had been previously offered him.

* Hom. xxx. in Ep. 2. ad Cor.

But to come closer to our immediate subject, devotion to the Madonna; here, too, we will not dwell upon merely outward circumstances, such as abstaining from wine on all Saturdays in her honour—an act of devotion which we read of as long ago as in the very beginning of the eleventh century, and which was publicly confirmed by a law in one of the numerous Councils held in Rome during the pontificate of St. Gregory VII.; or again, the practice so common in Neapolitan families of the middle or even the lower class, of adopting a foundling in the place of any child of their own who may have died, who is henceforth treated in all respects as one of the family, and is called *figlio della Madonna*. We pass over these and other similar features of Neapolitan devotion, sufficiently curious and attractive to the eye of a stranger, that we may speak of their habitual feelings and tone of thought with reference to the Blessed Virgin, as exhibited in their mode of addressing her. These we can only liken to the feelings of children towards the most affectionate and indulgent of mothers; any other comparison would be infinitely too feeble to express the simplicity, the freedom, the familiarity, and the confidence, which characterise their whole language towards her; and even this falls short of the reality, as much as the power and the love of an earthly parent must needs be inferior to that of this heavenly one.

They come and pour forth their whole souls before some picture or image of the Madonna, entering into all their hopes and fears, doubts and anxieties, every detail of their domestic circumstances, quite as naturally as a child confides its little troubles or desires to one of whose sympathy and assistance it has reason to be assured. At one time you may see a poor woman who is going on a journey, or removing from her usual place of residence, come to take leave of her favourite Madonna, and talk to her, and lament over the separation, and in every respect converse with her as though she were her nearest and dearest friend from whom she was about to part: or you may see another rush hastily into a church, evidently under the pressure of some sudden trial, throw herself at the feet of the Madonna, and cover them with kisses; then, amid the most convulsive sobs, and with any thing but the silent prayer of Anna, in which “only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard at all,” tell her the whole history of what has happened, and implore her interference; gradually her agitation subsides; she has communicated her troubles to one who will be sure to help her, and, strengthened by this consolation, she rises from her knees with a calm and cheerful countenance, to go forth and bear them patiently. Yet she can

scarcely make up her mind to leave the sanctuary of her peace. As she withdraws with slow and unwilling steps, ever and anon she turns her head to waft another kiss to the Madonna; and you may hear such parting exclamations as these bursting from her lips: "*Addio, mamma mia*; I have told you every thing; I am going away now, and I reckon upon your help; you understand me; I know you'll not disappoint me; *addio, mamma mia, addio.*"

And lest any of my readers should think that this child-like simplicity is confined to the lower and more uneducated classes, I cannot resist the temptation of presenting them with one or two extracts from a little book of devotions, published about twenty years ago by a distinguished advocate, at that time one of the judges in Naples. This is a specimen of the kind of address which he uses towards the Madonna. "Listen to me, my mother; you *must* grant me what I have asked; for if you refuse, what will people say of you? either that you could not, or that you would not, help me. That you *could* not, nobody will believe, for they know you too well for that; and then, that you *would* not—I protest I would rather be told that you had not the power than that you had not the will; for what! shall it be said that my own mother, the mother of mercy, grace, and kindness, had not the will to relieve the necessity of one of her children? Oh, what then will become of her reputation? Think of this, my mother, and extricate yourself from the dilemma if you can." And again: "You think, perhaps, my mother, that you have given me a great deal already. I do not deny it; but you owe me still more than you have given me. Every one knows that your riches are inexhaustible; that you are the Queen of heaven and earth, the dispenser of grace and the gifts of God. But then consider, I pray of you, that those riches were given you, not for yourself alone, but for your children; for me, the last and most unworthy of them all! Was it not to redeem us that the Son of God became man, and chose you for his Mother? Behold, then, all that you have is ours; it was given you for us; it belongs to us. Now you cannot deny that all that you have yet given me is as nothing compared with what you possess. You are therefore my debtor, and you owe me much. Is it not so? What answer have you to make to this?"

Such being the character of the Neapolitan devotion to the Queen of Heaven, it is not to be wondered at that her shrines and sanctuaries should be specially abundant throughout the whole kingdom; still this does not render our task the easier, when we are called upon to select the history of

one or two in particular, as most worthy of publication. It is not merely, or even principally, the *embarras des richesses* which constitutes our difficulty, but much more the general want of that critical accuracy, which is so desirable a feature in histories of this kind intended for the perusal of Englishmen, and so entirely foreign from most Neapolitan authors. This defect may perhaps in some measure be owing to that *insigne ac perenne miraculum*, as Baronius speaks, whereof their city has been for so many centuries the privileged witness, and which still continues for every one who wills to "come and see," the periodical liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. The fact, that in this particular instance the facility of ocular demonstration may be supposed to supersede, in some sort, the necessity of such critical exactness in narration, may have given them a general carelessness in this matter; or it may be that they write only for their own countrymen, with whose disposition they are acquainted, and have no desire to accommodate themselves to, or really have no idea of the existence of, the cold and cautious temper which characterises the inhabitants of more northern climes. However, be the cause what it may, the fact, I think, cannot be doubted, that very few histories of the kind we are at present concerned with, written by Neapolitan authors, would bear translation and publication in our own language. I am not saying that they have mistaken for miracles events which might easily be accounted for by the ordinary laws of nature (though this, again, is a danger to which they may be exposed, and from the very same causes), but I am speaking only of the way in which they have recorded histories, whose supernatural character there is not the slightest reason to call in question: they have not been careful to collect and arrange the evidence, or they have neglected to quote the authorities for what they say, or they have not distinguished between what is certain and what is only doubtful: they have confounded history with tradition, and tradition with conjecture, and so on.

I have selected, however, the histories of two or three sanctuaries, which, upon examination, appear to sin least in these particulars, or which have other more certain authority to rest upon, and which I have no hesitation therefore in laying before the reader, though it is, of course, impossible, within the limits assigned, to enter into a critical justification of their accuracy.

1. *Madonna del Carmine.*

The first place in order of importance, if not of antiquity

also, must be given to the *Madonna del Carmine*, or, as it is more commonly called by the Neapolitans, in allusion to its dark colour, *Santa Maria della Bruna*. This picture, whose darkness, though it may have been increased by age, was probably not undesigned by the artist himself, was brought to Naples somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century by some of the religious from Mount Carmel, whose order began about that time gradually to forsake the East, preparatory to its complete migration and settlement in Europe, which took place about a hundred years later. These Carmelites had a small church and convent assigned to them without the walls of the city, and over their high altar they placed this picture of the Madonna, where it seems from the very first to have attracted, in a singular degree, the devotion of the people, especially during the three weeks which intervene between the Feasts of the Assumption and of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. In the year 1269 the people of Naples witnessed the tragical execution of their young king Conradin, and the bitter grief and disappointment of his mother, the Empress Margaret, who arrived in the harbour just too late to save his life, by paying the ransom which had been already agreed upon with Charles of Anjou. The disconsolate mother, thus frustrated in the purpose for which she had designed the large treasures which she brought with her, was still anxious to spend them in some way or other upon her son. She obtained leave to remove his body from the place in which it had been interred (a small chapel raised on the spot where he had been beheaded), and to place it in this church of the Carmelites, which she determined to rebuild on a scale of magnificence worthy of a royal mausoleum. When this had been done, the picture of the Madonna, which had hitherto adorned the high altar, was considered to be too small for so prominent a position, and was made to give way, therefore, to a much larger picture of the Assumption, being itself removed to one of the side chapels belonging to a Neapolitan family of the name of Grignetti. Here it fell into comparative neglect, the more modern picture having succeeded to its place, not only in the church, but also, in some sort, in the affections of the people. Still some lingering devotion must have been entertained towards it, or it would scarcely have been asked for on the occasion which we have now to relate, and which soon restored it to more than its pristine celebrity.

In the year of jubilee, A.D. 1500 (that is, in the eighth jubilee, reckoning from that of Boniface VIII. in 1300, from which period alone their history is accurately known), many devout Neapolitans determined to make the pilgrimage to

Rome, that they too might share in all the spiritual treasures which are at such seasons so liberally dispensed in the Holy City. A confraternity of tanners attached to the church of St. Catherine seem to have been those who took the lead in this good work ; nevertheless, any others who chose were at liberty to avail themselves of the opportunity, and to accompany them. A large crucifix, fit to be borne at the head of such a procession, was obtained from their own church ; but they were anxious to put themselves also under the special guardianship of our Blessed Lady, and for this purpose they sought some image or picture of her which they might carry with them. At length they succeeded in persuading the Carmelite fathers to lend them this picture of Santa Maria della Bruna ; and thus provided, the pilgrims set forth on their journey early on the morning of the 5th of April, chanting the litanies and psalms, and other devout hymns and prayers appropriate to the occasion. At a short distance from the church from which they started, there lay by the roadside a poor cripple, by name Thomas Saccone, whose whole body was deformed and his legs perfectly useless,—just such a one as we may imagine him to have been who sat begging alms at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, when Peter and John went up at the ninth hour of prayer ; like him, too, he was known to all the people ; so that the miracle which was presently wrought in him was “ manifest, and could not be denied.” This man, as he saw the procession advancing, was seized with an earnest desire to accompany it, and the burden of his infirmities seemed more sad and oppressive to him than ever it had done before, because he was thereby rendered incapable of fulfilling his desire. As his thoughts dwelt upon the subject, the intensity of his desire increased, and presently there mingled with it a ray of hope, suggesting the possibility that he might obtain from the Queen of Heaven the grace of deliverance from all his evils, if he would promise to consecrate the first use of his recovered limbs to undertaking this pilgrimage to Rome. The picture of the Madonna was already passing him, when the poor beggar poured forth one earnest cry for help, and vowed to join the procession if only he were healed. Immediately he felt a sudden glow of heat penetrating his whole frame ; new vigour seemed to infuse itself into all his limbs ; “ forthwith his feet and soles received strength, and leaping up, he stood and walked, and went with them.”

The fame of so signal a miracle, happening too under circumstances of such extreme publicity, could not fail to spread far and wide ; so that as the procession advanced from one village to another on its journey to the Eternal City, they found

the inhabitants already apprised of what had taken place, and "bringing forth the sick into the streets, and laying them on beds and couches," that when this picture of the most powerful and at the same time the most compassionate of mothers should come, "her shadow at the least might overshadow any of them, and they might be delivered from their infirmities." This importunity of the people necessarily impeded their progress, so that they did not arrive in Rome until the ninth day, that is, the 13th instant. Here, too, the fame of the miraculous cure of the cripple in Naples, and of many others which had happened subsequently upon the road, had preceded the arrival of the pilgrims; it had even reached the ears of the Pope, so that he ordered inquiries to be made as to its trustworthiness and authenticity. The result was such as to induce him to go himself on the following day, accompanied by all the Cardinals, to pay his devotions to the picture in the basilica of St. Peter's: there, having knelt and prayed before it, and incensed it, he gave benediction with it to the crowds of people, who, like himself, had come together to visit it. At the same time also, he granted certain indulgences to those who should recite their prayers before it. The picture was then borne about by the pilgrims to all the other basilicas and holy places which they visited; and it was every where received with the warmest devotion. After five days, on the morning of the 18th instant, they set out to return to their home. The same crowds came forth every where to greet them; and here and there the same wonderful blessings were dispensed; but the greatest wonder of all, and that to which I do not remember any where to have met with an exact parallel, awaited their return to Naples itself.

The Carmelites and others went out to Aversa, a distance of eight or nine miles, to meet and welcome home this precious treasure, of whose value they had been so little conscious before they parted with it; and its entrance into the city was celebrated by the people with every demonstration of public rejoicing, like that of a king returning in triumph after some famous victory. The picture was restored to its original position over the high altar, and the people flocked thither in multitudes to seek for help under all their various trials and necessities. Frederic the Second, however, of Arragon, at that time king of Naples, not content with these evidences of the public faith and devotion towards this Madonna, conceived an idea so bold as almost to savour of presumption, had not the result seemed to prove that it sprang out of a simple undoubting faith, certainly that it was accepted and rewarded by God. He ordered that all the sick and infirm, the blind

and the deaf, the lame and the withered, every body, in a word, throughout the whole of his kingdom, who was labouring under any bodily infirmity, yet was not incapable of removal, should be brought together to the metropolis, and there placed in a hospital which he had prepared for the purpose near to this church. Each person was to bring with him a properly attested certificate of his name and age, the place of his birth and residence, the exact nature of his malady, the length of time during which he had been afflicted by it, and every other detail which could be required for settling beyond dispute the authenticity of each particular case. When all these persons had been collected (and a most sad spectacle of suffering humanity they must have formed), he caused them to be arranged on an appointed day on benches in that part of the area of the church which was nearest to the altar; to the rest of the church the public were freely admitted, excepting only certain reserved seats or galleries, where the king himself, and all the royal family, together with the principal grandees of the kingdom, were assembled to be witnesses of what might happen. One of the royal secretaries first read aloud the names of all the infirm who were present, and a brief statement of their infirmities. When this was over, High Mass was begun, the choir of the royal chapel assisting; and during the celebration of Mass (probably, if we may judge from the modern practice in these matters, just at the "Gloria in excelsis") the picture was unveiled. Those who have been in the habit of frequenting any church in Naples or its neighbourhood, where some statue or picture, the object of special devotion, is thus uncovered only during some portion of a Mass, can easily imagine what fervent cries of supplication burst forth from the lips of these unhappy sufferers just at the moment when the curtain was withdrawn; but who can paint the extravagance of their shouts and gestures, their wild exclamations of joy and thankfulness, when at the same moment a ray of light was seen to descend from heaven, to shine brightly upon the face of the Madonna, and thence to reflect its brilliance upon the assembled people, who were all immediately healed?

The sacred historian, when he records the healing of the sick and the casting out of evil spirits by handkerchiefs and aprons brought from the body of St. Paul, prefaces the narration with these words, "God wrought by the hand of Paul more than common miracles." In like manner, our readers will not hesitate, I think, at first sight, to class the present miracle among those which are "more than common," its peculiarity consisting, of course, in the extraordinary number

of persons who were made the subjects of it. We have already said that it is no part of our present purpose to anticipate and to answer all the objections which may be raised against any of these narratives; nevertheless, it may be worth while to observe, with reference to this particular circumstance, that in more than one Scripture narrative there is the same indefinite statement of the numbers, who, having manifested their faith by some outward act of their own, or done for them by their friends, were similarly rewarded by the instantaneous cure of their evils. When our Lord was in the country of Genesar, and "the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent into all that country, and brought to Him all that were diseased, and they besought Him that they might touch but the hem of his garment. *And as many as touched were made whole.*" And again, when St. Peter was in Jerusalem, after the miraculous healing of the lame man which has been already spoken of, "there came together a multitude out of the neighbouring cities, bringing sick persons and such as were troubled with unclean spirits, *who were all healed.*"

The devotion of the people towards this ancient picture still continues, and many wonderful histories are told of the way in which, from time to time, that devotion has been rewarded. Such histories are beyond our present limits; we must not, however, omit to mention one circumstance, which will be interesting to many of your readers, viz. that it is this picture which has furnished the original for all those likenesses of the Madonna which are impressed upon the medals, scapulars, and other religious objects belonging to the Carmelite order. I do not, of course, mean that they have retained a faithful copy of all the features of the original, but only that this is their proper standard, their prototype: the relative position of the Mother and Child is the same in all—the same idea pervades them—they are all intended to be copies of this *Santa Maria della Bruna*.

2. *Santa Maria della Grotta, in the diocese of La Cava.*

I pass by Santa Maria di Costantinopoli, di Piedegrotta, della Sanità, della Vita, and others within the city of Naples, each of which has its own history, worthy of being known, that I may find room to speak of a sanctuary more modern than any of these, yet in its celebrity, at least in this part of the kingdom of Naples, scarcely inferior to the most famous; I allude to the *Madonna della Grotta*, as it is called in its own immediate neighbourhood, or *Santa Maria Avvocata de' Peccatori*, as it is more fully described by those who have written of it in books.

Catholic travellers, who, after visiting the shrine of St. Alphonso at Pagani, and the ancient Baptistery of St. Mary Major's at Nocera, go on to the shrines of St. Matthew and St. Gregory VII. at Salerno, not unfrequently make a little *détour* from the high road, as soon as they have passed La Cava, that they may visit the famous Benedictine monastery of La Trinità. The road by which the ascent to this monastery is generally made passes a little to the right of the sanctuary of which we are speaking, and hides from the unconscious traveller the very beautiful scenery which is so near him; but if he turned aside to the left, soon after having passed the village of San Cæsareo, two minutes' walk would suffice to bring him to the edge of a long deep narrow and precipitous ravine, clothed with wood down to the brink of the stream which rushes along the bottom, and crowned on either side with a chapel of the Madonna. At present there is a very safe and commodious path, leading to the mill which is a little farther up the valley, and a bridge whereby we may cross from one side to the other. But two hundred years ago, at which time our history begins, this path was neither safe nor convenient; it had a very bad name, and was said to be infested by evil spirits. One day, in the year 1654, as a certain Don Federigo, a priest of La Cava, was going along by this way to St. Pietro a Dragonea, one of the hamlets belonging to the parish of San Cæsareo, he had (or imagined he had, for it makes no difference to our story) an encounter with some of these spirits, just at the mouth of one of those grottoes, or natural caverns in the rock, which are so frequent in that neighbourhood, and from whence La Cava itself is supposed to have derived its name. On his return home, this good priest determined to place so dangerous a cavern under the immediate protection of the Madonna; but not having sufficient means to procure a statue or painting for this purpose, he was obliged to content himself with fastening to the rock a little print, which he happened to have, representing the Blessed Virgin, with the Dove and the Cherubim over her head, holding the child Jesus in her arms, and having St. Paul, the first hermit, on her right hand, and St. Onofrius on her left. The title of this picture was the Advocate of Sinners; and as the print remained there, uninjured by time and by the damp, during a period of forty-eight years, the cave gradually lost its old name of the *Grotta de' Sportiglioni* (or, of the bats), and received in its stead that of the *Avvocatella*.

Doubtless it had been saluted with many an Ave by the devotion of the passers-by during this half century; and at length, in the year 1702, Fra Angiolo Maria di Majuri, a lay

brother of one of the Franciscan convents in La Cava, remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, caused a copy of the engraving to be executed in fresco, in a little niche which he had prepared for it in the rock. At the same time he exhorted the neighbours to burn a lamp before it, and frequently repeated, in the presence of the parish priests and others, that that grotto, which had once been the abode of infernal spirits, would ere long become the house of God, and that the Mother of God would dispense from thence the treasures of her power and goodness with a most liberal hand. Of course, the first part of this prophecy, so to call it, had a natural tendency to bring about its own fulfilment. One of the priests, who had often listened to Fra Angiolo's confident assurances on this subject, caused an altar to be raised before the painting, a lamp to be kept burning, and the litanies and other devotional exercises to be frequently repeated there. It happened on Saturday, the 19th of May, in the following year, that as a poor man, named Antonio Casaburi, accompanied by his son, a boy of six years old, was driving along this path a donkey laden with corn, the animal went too near the edge of the precipice and rolled over, carrying the boy along with him. The depth of the rock in this place was about 120 feet, so that the poor father expected nothing else than to see his son dashed to pieces at the bottom; nevertheless, with the natural instinct of a Catholic, he called loudly upon Santa Maria dell' Avvocata, whose shrine was at his side, to assist him in this hour of danger; and when, in company with two or three others, who had been witnesses of the accident, or whom he had called from the mill to assist him, he arrived at the spot, he found the animal quietly grazing, the boy busily collecting the scattered grain, and both perfectly uninjured.

The fame of this miracle, which was attested by three competent witnesses, besides the father and the child themselves, drew such multitudes of persons to the grotto, that the crowd passing to and fro in so narrow a place became quite dangerous, and leave was obtained from the proper ecclesiastical authorities to erect a spacious chapel there. The building was carried on briskly, through the liberal almsgiving of those who came to ask for *grazie* here, and but few of whom were "sent empty away;" but in the mean while a new bishop had been appointed to the see of Cava, who determined to take those precautions enjoined by the Council of Trent, and to inform himself, by means of a congregation of theologians, and by the juridical examination of witnesses, of the exact truth of the marvellous reports which were in circulation. The

painting was boarded up, and all access to it forbidden, whilst this examination was pending; but it soon appeared that the proofs were too distinct and too numerous to admit of doubt; and after fifteen days the people were once more gladdened with the sight of their *Avvocata*, and the episcopal sanction was formally renewed to the undertaking in hand. On the 7th of September, 1704, the first mass was celebrated in the new church by one of the parish priests, a man whose span of life had already exceeded "the threescore years and ten," and who, having himself received a signal *grazia* at the hands of this *Advocate*, consecrated the last years of his life to celebrating her glories, and, by order of the bishop, published an account of them.

I must not begin to enumerate, or even make a selection from them, or my letter will never come to an end. Suffice it to say, that every year, as the principal festa, which is in the month of May, comes round, persons crowd to visit the sanctuary, not only from Nocera and Salerno, but also from Castellamare, Sorrento, and even Naples itself; and at all times of the year, simple peasants from the adjoining villages, groups of women, members of the same family, or neighbours in the same village, suffering under some common affliction, may be seen wending their way through the chestnut-groves of La Cava, with bare feet and dishevelled hair, alternately telling their beads and reciting the litanies until they reach this Church of the Grotta; here they kneel for awhile to repeat their devotions in the presence of the picture itself, and to make some little offering of flowers, or oil, or candles, after which they return to their homes, bearing with them some portion of the oil from the lamp that has been burning before the shrine, nothing doubting that, if it be God's will, the sick will receive the same benefits from the application of this oil as, we know from the testimony of St. Chrysostom,* the Christians of his days often experienced from the same remedy.

3. *Santa Maria delle Grazie at Monte Nero, near Leghorn.*

But our space warns us that we must take our leave of the kingdom of Naples, and go back to the north of Italy. And lest we should be tempted to loiter by the way, it will be better to make the journey by sea. Even so, were we to coast along the shore in an open boat, I doubt not we should find it difficult to resist the temptation to chronicle the histories of many a dangerous and rocky headland, consecrated in some way or other to the *Stella Maris* in the traditionary

* Hom. 32 (al. 33) in St. Matt.

faith of the sailors and fishermen of those parts. For, to mention but a single instance, those who have visited the beautiful island of Ischia, and returned from thence to Pozzuoli, that ancient town which first in Italy received the Apostle of the Gentiles, when he was being carried prisoner to Rome, cannot fail to remember how, when they had made the point of Misenum, the boatmen reverently doffed their caps and signed themselves with the sign of the cross, repeating at the same time an Ave, or some short ejaculation in honour of *La Bella Immacolata*, whose white marble statue stands there a most conspicuous object against the dull dark rock behind it.

On the present occasion, however, we will be borne past all these interesting points in an unpoetical, undevotional steamer, which shall plough the waters with steady unwearying perseverance till it brings us to the coasts of Tuscany, and into the port of Leghorn. One of the last objects which faded from our sight as we left the harbour of Naples was the tall many-coloured tower of the Madonna del Carmine; now, as we draw near the harbour of Leghorn, our eyes naturally pass over the flat marshy plain which lies nearest to the coast, until they rest upon the pretty smiling hill of Monte Nero, situated about three or four miles to the south-east of the city, and crowned by a very fine church, the Sanctuary of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*.

That hill did not always wear so bright and cheerful an aspect as it does to-day. Many centuries ago the name which it still bears, of the Black Mountain, belonged quite as much to its dark and gloomy character as to the natural colour of the rock, to which alone it can now be applied. In those days it was a thick impracticable forest, and looked upon with such dread as to have been sometimes known by the name of the Devil's Mount. Now it is covered with villas and gardens, and not inaptly called the Fiesole of Leghorn. Whence came this change? Not as such a change might be wrought in our own times, by the bold speculation of some enterprising individual, wishing to make the most of his property, but by the gradual, though certain, influence of the public devotion towards a picture of the Madonna, which was placed there somewhere about the middle of the 14th century. The original history of this picture, whence it came, and how it was brought here, is a matter of considerable doubt. An anonymous work, published in Florence in 1589, tells a wonderful story about its having been brought, in the year 1345, in a miraculous manner, from the island of Negroponte in the Archipelago, to the banks of the Ardenzo near Leghorn, where it was revealed to a shepherd, and by him, in obedi-

ence to a heavenly warning, carried to the site of the present church. The story goes on to say, that this shepherd, who had been for many years a cripple, was immediately healed, and that other miraculous *grazie* having been received by persons who came to visit the picture, alms were soon collected for the purpose of building a church. The same story is told by an Augustinian, writing the history of Leghorn in the year 1647; and he expressly tells us that he copied it from an ancient ms. which he had read in the archives of the sanctuary. It is repeated again, thirteen years later, by Father Moraschi, one of the *Gesuati*, the first religious order to whose charge the church had been confided; and it is to be found not only in all the later historians of the shrine, but also in the inscriptions and paintings of the church itself. On the other hand, it has been called in question, not merely by the disciples of the modern school of philosophy, but by really devout and religious writers, such as Riccardi, for example. Our space forbids us to enter upon a critical examination of its merits; we have felt it our duty to record it, as being the popular tradition, and having done so, we must pass on to what is more certain.

In the archiepiscopal archives of Pisa (for the erection of Leghorn into an episcopal see is quite recent) may still be seen the will of a certain Bonaccorso, a butcher of Leghorn, who died in the year 1347, leaving a legacy to the Church of *Santa Maria gratiâ plena* of Monte Nero; and the will of another inhabitant of the same city, dated the 7th of December 1415, leaves a small piece of land to endow "the Hermitage of *Santa Maria delle Grazie* of Monte Nero." This is at least sufficient proof of the antiquity of our sanctuary; and it is worth remarking, that the earliest of these documents is only two years later than the first appearance of the picture, as recorded in the story which has been just given. The title "Hermitage" also, in the second will, is worthy of notice, because it tallies exactly with another portion of the same history, viz. that when this spot was first consecrated, it was tended by a single hermit, who probably was not even a priest, but only a religious solitary, such as may still be seen in many parts of Italy. The devotion, however, to the new sanctuary increased so rapidly (a fact which we should have been led to anticipate from those testamentary dispositions in its favour which we have already noticed), that, by the middle of the next century, it was of sufficient importance to induce the Archbishop to call a number of *Gesuati* (not *Gesuiti*, or Jesuits, but an order that had been instituted about a hundred years before by B. Colombino of Siena) to come and take charge of it,

assigning for their maintenance certain woods and vineyards in the neighbourhood which belonged to the see of Pisa. These religious, having accepted the charge, immediately set about to build a larger church, better suited to receive the numerous pilgrims and confraternities who now came to visit it, not only from different cities in Tuscany, and other states of Italy, but even from the more distant parts of Europe. They also built a monastery,—no easy task, since they had first to prepare a level by cutting away the mountain. However, the work was happily accomplished; and from this time the whole character of the hill was changed; other houses began to be built, until it became quite a populous village. In 1668, the order of the Gesuati was suppressed by Pope Clement IX., and two priests from Leghorn were then sent to supply their place at Monte Nero; but the shrine had become far too famous for so small a number of ecclesiastics to suffice for the discharge of all the spiritual duties which belonged to it. In the next year, therefore, the Theatines were invited to take possession of the vacant monastery; an invitation which they did not hesitate to accept, although the funds which had been originally assigned for its support were now appropriated by the government to another purpose. Finally, in 1783, when the Grand Duke Leopold I. suppressed *these* religious also within his dominions, two secular priests were again appointed, but with the same result; so that, in 1792, the place was consigned to the Vallambrosians, a branch of the Benedictine family, who still retain it.

Amid all these frequent changes of *custodi*, so to speak, the fame of the sanctuary had always steadily increased. It is recorded that, in 1575, whilst it was in the hands of the *Gesuati*, some Turkish pirates, who had landed for the express purpose of plundering its wealth, were struck with blindness, so that they lost their way in the woods and were taken prisoners by the unarmed *contadini* of the neighbourhood. And this miracle having been inquired into and authenticated by the ordinary of the place, a copy of the depositions was presented to the archives of the order. In the autumn of 1684, not many years after the Theatines had taken charge of it, when a most violent pestilence was raging in the city of Leghorn, the people turned for help to this *Madre delle Grazie*; her picture was brought out to the piazza before the church, and solemn benediction given with it to the whole plain beneath; and immediately, it is said, a fresh breeze sprang up, the clouds dispersed, and all the thick vapours, to whose presence medical men had attributed the prevailing epidemic, were blown away. This public *grazia* was the immediate

cause of an appeal being made to the Chapter of St. Peter's for the golden crown which they annually awarded to some "Immagine miracolosa," and the petition was soon granted. The special protection of the Madonna was no less remarkable on occasion of another plague, which raged in 1730. It is testified, not only by ecclesiastical writers who were living at the time and eye-witnesses of what they wrote, but also by formal acts signed by the civil magistracy of the town, that not a single person fell a victim to the disease on or after the 21st of February, on which day the picture was brought out in the sanctuary, and benediction given with it to the suffering plague-stricken people. Lastly, for want of space obliges us to omit other facts equally worthy of record, we may mention the earthquake of the 14th of August, 1846, whose violence was such that the bells of some of the churches were set in motion by it, and men and horses tottered in the streets and fell, yet not a single public building suffered any material injury, nor was a single individual either killed or wounded throughout the whole of Leghorn; whilst in all the other towns and villages, from the mouth of the Arno in the north to the mouth of the Cecina in the south, from Pisa to Volterra, houses were thrown down, churches destroyed, men and cattle buried under the ruins, and all the other terrible accidents occurred, which usually accompany this kind of calamity.

This singular protection vouchsafed to the city of Leghorn above all its neighbourhood on either side was too striking a fact not to call for some special acknowledgment; and the Catholic instinct of the people immediately turned their eyes to the Sanctuary of the Madonna at Monte Nero, whither the whole population might soon be seen hurrying forth to pay their vows of thanksgiving: the poor carrying an offering of a few candles, a little oil, or a handful of flowers; whilst the richer citizens and the various religious confraternities made the more costly gifts of silver lamps, and other vessels for the service of the altar. Nor did they suffer these liberal offerings (which many, Judas-like, may be disposed to condemn with indignation as a needless waste) to interfere with the exercise of Christian charity towards their suffering neighbours. Having first paid their debt of gratitude immediately to God and to our Blessed Lady, they returned to make a fresh acknowledgment of it by relieving the distress of their brethren.

N.

Reviews.

POPULAR SERVICES.

The Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri, Founder of the Oratory. Lectures delivered in the Oratory, King William Street, Strand. By F. W. Faber, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns and Lambert.

Pious Protestant England entertains a devout horror of Jews. She prides herself upon regarding them all as the Pariahs of the human race, at the best to be endured and made equal to herself in secular things, in order to bring out by contrast her own immeasurable superiority in spiritual things. Nevertheless, in many things she is not a little like the Jews of old, and like them in their worst features. Her reception of the congregation of a great Saint, whose children have lately come amongst us, recalls one especial instance of Jewish perverseness. When the Baptist appeared, clad in sackcloth and preaching repentance, the Jews exclaimed that he had a devil. When our Blessed Lord came and dwelt in cities, and visited men in their homes, and partook of their feasts, they cried, "Behold a glutton and a wine-drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners." Yet wisdom was then justified by her children; and she is thus justified still.

Present herself, in truth, as she may to the carping Protestant, he is never satisfied with the Catholic Church. To-day he attacks her for tyranny, to-morrow for giving too much license. Now he imputes to her a tendency to degrade the intellects of all men to the level of a besotted superstition; now he warns his friends against her as the most accomplished and crafty of intellectual foes. If she fasts, he calls her mad; if she eats, he thinks her sensual; if she prays, he says she neglects the duties of this life; if she works, he esteems her unspiritual; if she celebrates superb functions, he talks of her formalism; if she encourages inward meditation, he classes her with the Methodists.

And now at length the modern "Apostle of Rome" has come in for his share of his Divine Master's reproach. The Protestant world is aghast at the aspect which Catholicism presents in the humble oratories of London and Birmingham. Having spent three hundred years in attacking a certain imaginary Catholicism, its indignation is doubly hot at discovering that Catholicism is utterly unlike what it has for three cen-

turies been imagining it to be. The popular Protestant idea of Catholics and their religious acts has been one compounded of magnificence, sternness, and cunning. Every Catholic service they have supposed to be conducted on a scale of great splendour; the music irreproachable, the priests gloomily imposing, the congregation awe-struck, and the language Latin. It is difficult to meet with a Protestant book in which Catholics are spoken of, without perceiving that the author supposes that we say, or sing, High Mass at all hours of the day and night; that people always pay the priests for giving them absolution; and that, in general, the one great object of the priestly life is to keep the laity in a state of spiritual and intellectual slavery. Catholicism, it is thought, reduces all its followers to one level, it moulds all characters according to one type, it tolerates differences in nothing; and as for supposing that it encourages differences of worship in different circumstances, the majority of Protestants have never conceived of the possibility of such a thing. If you tell them that communion is administered in both kinds in certain churches in different countries; that in the Greek Catholic Church married men are made priests; that there are millions of Catholics who never were present at a High Mass in their life; and that public prayers in the vernacular language of each country are in use throughout all Christendom,—they are disposed to think you are playing upon their credulity, and inventing stories to deceive them. Their one idea of Catholics is, that they are all precisely alike, differing only in this particular, that the priests are crafty and the laity ignorant; and that the policy of the priests is to keep the laity at a distance, and to restrain them from all participation in public religious services, lest they should think fit to have opinions of their own, and, as a necessary consequence, should become Protestants.

Until recently the better-disposed class of Protestants would never enter a Catholic church or chapel, so as to have an opportunity of correcting these impressions. Even those who, either in the spirit of sight-seeing or of Romanising Puseyism, visited Catholic churches abroad, have hitherto made it a point of conscience never to set their foot within a "Romish place of worship" on this side the British Channel. The last year, however, has seen a wonderful change. Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter have combined with certain converts of the last five years to tempt the reluctant foot within the forbidden threshold, and the white neckcloth of the Anglican clergyman has become a no longer unseen phenomenon in a Catholic congregation. Curiosity to see what ex-Protestant clergymen look like, and what they say, and what

they do, now that they are become real Catholic priests, has overcome that jealousy and coyness which has been hitherto invincible; while the ridicule with which the Church of England has now covered herself has induced many an anxious soul to seek for *some* creed at the hands of her who has been so long despised and so often reviled. Old friendship, old affection, old associations, and a veneration not yet extinct, have further tended to bring Protestants to associate with Catholics and to frequent Catholic services, even in this land so sacred to Anglo-Saxon Protestantism.

And most curious has been the result. Catholicism as embodied in the sermons and services of the Oratorian Fathers is received by the Protestant mind with undisguised amazement and disgust. Hitherto, the Church, like the Baptist, was said to be possessed with a devil. Now, she is gluttonous and wine-bibbing, and a friend of publicans and sinners. St. Philip is a most intolerable saint. The Oratorian proceedings are perfectly scandalous. The Oratories are a kind of Methodist meeting-house, where "the Virgin" is deified, the saints regarded as actually present beings, and our Saviour spoken to and spoken of as if He was really a man. Men educated at Oxford positively make a whole congregation, *including* its Protestant portion, laugh. The Father Superior comes to London and preaches a set of lectures of so strange a character as absolutely to attract some of the most popular comic writers of the day to listen to them. Nothing can exceed the levity of the Oratorian Fathers; they speak of the Church of England as if it were a subject for joking. Their architecture is Pagan; their music detestable; their hymns methodistical; their prayers abound with "Hail Mary's" and "Our Fathers," and the old abuse of "Indulgences" is brought forward more prominently than ever. As for their images, they are indescribable. Their sermons are one day antinomian, another idolatrous, another anti-English, another enthusiastic, another more Popish than the Pope, another as offensive as the rant of the conventicle. Altogether, the astonished Anglican says to himself, If *this* is Catholicism, I thank God that I am a Protestant of the good old Church of England, notwithstanding the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Gorham, and the Privy Council and all its decrees.

Nevertheless we entertain the strongest conviction that the Oratories of St. Philip, wherever they are established in this country, will be among the most powerful of the weapons which Almighty God will employ for the destruction of English heresy and schism. Vehement as is the indignation of many Anglican journals, and irritated as are the majority of educated

Protestants who visit the Oratories, the *fact* is, that from the moment the children of St. Philip began their labours, they were not only cordially welcomed by innumerable crowds of Catholics where they settled themselves, but commenced receiving a full share of that stream of converts into the Church which flows in ever-increasing abundance. They are favoured, as all other Catholic priests are favoured, whensoever they come and place themselves in the midst of the desolate masses of our crowded cities. Every where the same spectacle is seen. Let a Catholic church be opened anywhere, and made really a church for the people, and while Catholics hail the day which sees the return of the old religion to its ancient dwelling-place, Protestants also crowd to hear the word of God, and conversions in large numbers reward the labours of a self-denying priesthood. That the organs of Protestantism, whether Dissenting, Low Church, or High Church, should alternately sneer at and assault the congregation of the Oratory, is to be accounted a good omen rather than a bad one. They are compelled by the force of circumstances no longer to ignore the existence of the Catholic Church. Curiosity to know the proceedings of men once so influential as Protestants, is on the *qui vive* among their readers; and few editors can afford to neglect to feed their readers' curiosity. Praise the Oratorians they dare not, even if they would. Editorial duty thus unites with personal feeling to fill the columns of Anglican and Dissenting periodicals with dignified expressions of contempt and disgust; while the secret effect is wrought unnoticed, save by Almighty God.

Attacks on Catholicism, indeed, in the present day, do us more good than harm. Popular feeling has so far changed, that *any thing* that leads Protestants to inquire for themselves is beneficial. We question whether even a little personal violence exercised against some good monk or priest might not be of the greatest advantage to religion. We would not silence Sir Robert Inglis, or Hugh M'Neile, or the speakers of Exeter Hall in general, for the world; unless for the sake of converting these anti-Catholic orators themselves. Innumerable converts have been made by the onslaughts of Protestant controversialists. The desire to know something of a religion which wakes men to so frenzied a wrath induces the listener to read Catholic books and to go to Catholic churches; and there is perhaps not a congregation in England which does not owe many converts to the violence and misrepresentations of the missionaries of Protestantism. The more Catholics are attacked, therefore, the better. All the Church needs is to be heard. Whether Protestants come to our services and read

our books from innocent curiosity or some other motive, it matters *comparatively* little. If they will hear at all, they may hear to their own salvation. If they come to scoff, they will remain to pray. If they go intending to be disgusted with the Fathers of the Oratory, they will end in going to confession to them. If they mock at the decorations of their altars, they will at length bow down and adore Him who resides thereon. If they are shocked at their "Mariolatry," they will go on to say the "Memorare" for themselves. If they deride St. Philip as a buffoon, it will not be long before they invoke him as a saint. The Oratories will take their place among the most loved and honoured of all the many loved and honoured churches which already exist in England, and which are every day increasing in number. Their congregation will be found, so to say, to *fit in* to the circumstances and wants of the time; forming a loyal and self-sacrificing band in that great spiritual army which defies the enemies of God, and summons his elect from every town and village of this immense kingdom. St. Philip will find, as he is already finding, a home beside the tall smoking factory-chimneys, as of old beside the ruins of the Cæsars in Rome itself. He has his own special work to do, as so many other saints have each their own; and the rude Saxon sense of England will acknowledge his supernatural gifts, and still powerful intercession, in the labours of his children.

What this work is, and how St. Philip's Institute is eminently adapted to the habits of mind of the present day, the three lectures recently delivered by Father Faber are designed to shew. They give sketches of the Saint's character, of his relationship to modern times, and of those peculiarities of the Oratory which tend specially to supply the wants of unbelieving England in the nineteenth century. All the three lectures are brilliantly written, full of matter; and though they contain certain opinions from which many will dissent, they yet abound with forcible passages expounding many great Catholic truths which cannot be too earnestly inculcated at such a time as this.

Exception, for instance, may be fairly taken to those passages in the first lecture in which a certain air of exclusiveness is thrown around the portrait drawn of St. Philip, as a peculiar copy of our Blessed Lord. Strikingly interesting as is the lecturer's exposition of the celestial character of the Saint's life, it may be fairly questioned whether an equally ingenious and true parallel may not be drawn between the lives of innumerable other saints and the history of our Lord in the four Gospels.

So, too, we question whether the view of St. Philip as *the* "representative Saint of modern times" is borne out by facts. In certain portions of the characteristics of modern times the idea may be correct; but how can St. Philip be placed as a "representative Saint" on the same footing with St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Alphonsus Liguori, or even with St. Charles Borromeo? The grand mark of distinction of the last three centuries is surely that intellectual development by which Satan has sought to destroy the faith from among men. As by natural reason man has learnt to know much of the natural works of God, Satan has persuaded him that by the same natural reason he can know God himself in his essence, and because he has studied time can therefore fathom eternity. Such has been and still is the characteristic feature of the modern conflict between the Church and the world; and if we are to select any one Saint as the "representative" of the Church in the struggle, who can claim the same rank as the founder of the Society of Jesus, which has thrown itself like a mighty wrestler upon the *intellect* of the world, and by every possible device, whether by preaching, by education, by secular and religious writings, and by the introduction of a Christianised civilisation among the heathen, has turned Satan's weapon against himself, and constrained reason itself to fight the battle of faith? Or if we turn to the great work of the direction of souls, to whom above all others do we owe the destruction of the most pernicious and far-spreading heresy of modern times, which was in fact the offspring of Protestantism within the Church, but to St. Alphonsus Liguori? What Saint, whether by his personal character or by his writings, has had nearly the same amount of influence in the extirpation of Jansenism, and has so deeply impressed upon the whole Church that evangelical spirit of love and tenderness and joy, whether in the conversion of sinners or in the guidance of the elect to perfection? Or, again, to whom do our ecclesiastical superiors and the clergy owe so vast an obligation, in matters of Church-discipline and the general carrying out of the functions of the priesthood, as to St. Charles Borromeo? The work of the Council of Trent having been twofold, dogmatic and reformatory, it was St. Charles who pre-eminently shewed his contemporaries, and the whole Church after him, *how* to carry out the intentions of the Council, and to embody in details the spirit of its commands. Nor let us forget what we owe to St. Charles for *Sunday-Schools*. Still further, St. Vincent of Paul must not be omitted from the list of representative Saints. To him we owe to a great extent that *organisation* of those who practise the spiritual and corporal works of mercy

in various spheres, which is one of the characteristics of the present age. Is not St. Francis of Sales also a representative Saint? And is the catalogue to be closed even with him? For ourselves, we conceive that the Church has had many such since what are called "modern times" began; and that marked and beautiful as was the character and influence of the "Apostle of Rome," and eminently adapted as is the spirit and system of the Oratory to England, and all Europe and America at the present day, St. Philip is but one star amidst a burning galaxy of heavenly lights, whose radiance still glows upon this island, and upon the whole Church of Christ.

In the second lecture Father Faber expresses another opinion which will sound strange in many ears, though we suspect it is perfectly correct. He thinks that if St. Philip had possessed a "dark Gothic cathedral," he would have pulled it down, and built another more to his own taste. If it is here taken for granted that the supposed building was dark because it was Gothic, and that on this account St. Philip would have demolished it, we protest against the supposition. Some Gothic churches are dark, and so are very many Italian churches; but many Gothic churches are not only light, but, until filled with stained glass, are intolerably glaring. The occasional crotchets of some recent church-builders, indeed, have made many persons believe that it is a necessary feature in Gothic churches to be dark, gloomy, and inconvenient, unfit for use with modern rubrics and modern functions. The fact, however, is far different. As we have always maintained, any thing may be done with Gothic architecture, *provided it be employed in a Catholic, and not in an antiquarian spirit.*

We fear, nevertheless, that St. Philip *would* have pulled down *any* Gothic cathedral, and for this reason, that he lived in an age when the practice of pulling down Gothic buildings was at its height. For one Gothic church that was left standing in wealthy and Catholic countries, perhaps a dozen were destroyed, and Italian buildings erected in their place. Protestants, who cared little for churches at all, pulled down solely to destroy; poor Catholics also left the old edifices standing; but as a rule, throughout Christendom, the Catholics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were as vigorous in the work of rebuilding as the mediæval Christians of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. In the thirteenth century "Norman" churches were pulled down to make way for "Early Gothic;" "Early Gothic" was next thrust aside, and "Decorated Gothic" became all the fashion; then came the "Perpendicular" and "Flamboyant" architects,

and made short work of the masterpieces of their immediate ancestors. At last the *renaissance* began, and churches and cathedrals were levelled more vigorously than ever; the pointed arch was esteemed barbarous, the very knowledge of the principles of Gothic art disappeared, and Popes, bishops, priests, and laity, saints and architects together, with few exceptions, could not rest until they worshipped God in a building with round arches and round or square-headed windows. Such has been the system which has ever prevailed in the Church until our own times; and the only way by which we can attain the distinction of novelty will be, not only to pull down the buildings of our fathers, but to pull down the buildings we have ourselves erected;—a distinction which in some cases we shall not be surprised to see achieved. That St. Philip, then, living when he did, would have pulled down a “dark Gothic cathedral,” we think highly probable; but that if he were now alive, and could get possession of Westminster Abbey, he would pull it down, we think in the highest degree improbable. St. Francis of Assisi would have rejoiced to make use of the Italian St. Paul’s, and St. Philip would have spread his altars far and wide in the Gothic St. Peter’s.

The third lecture, entitled “St. Philip in England,” we think the ablest of the series, and it cannot be too strongly recommended, as containing a large amount of suggestion and reflection, which will be interesting to every person who, whether as priest or layman, has the spiritual good of our common country deeply at heart. From this lecture we shall make a few extracts, before enlarging on that particular characteristic in Oratorian devotions which we conceive to be especially adapted to the circumstances of the Church in England at the present crisis.

After sketching the broad features of the more notorious divisions of Protestantism, Father Faber thus proceeds with his exposition of the fitness of St. Philip’s spirit to aid powerfully in the conversion of this country.

“There are two ways in which St. Philip can speak to us and work with us in England, and which flow naturally from his spirit and genius as already described. The one is by correcting, modifying, or purifying external defects under which we labour, and imparting to us an interior spirit which improves, while it is congenial to, our own. The other is by the adaptation to our tempers, tastes, and necessities, of certain external modes of working, which belong, and are to some extent peculiar, to himself. And St. Philip’s fitness for the English people does not rest in any, or in all separately,

of these points, but in the accumulation and convergence to them all in his one idea; neither does the display or application of his fitness belong by any means exclusively to his own congregation; for his spirit is the spirit of the secular clergy, and to them does he belong, and they can use his arts and walk upon his ways; we of his congregation have no exclusive property in our dear founder; he is the property of the secular clergy always and every where; and this fact will enable me to speak more freely and more broadly of St. Philip's work in England than I could have done, had I thought the holy Father was with us his more immediate children, who wear his livery, and with no one else.

"1. I will speak of the internal spirit first.

"When an old man looks back upon a long life of alternate good and evil fortune, he not only sees the mistakes he has made, but, in the calmness of the unimpassioned retrospect, he sees the principle which has actuated him in all his blunders, and discerns the character of the evil genius which has haunted him. So it is in the study of history. In the long chronicles of centuries, we come to see the evil genius which has from time to time come in the way of a nation, and misled it. One of the worst of the evil geniuses of England has been nationalism. It was in a measure forced upon us by our insular position, then concentrated by the loss of our continental possessions, and last of all exaggerated in our self-multiplication in colonies. It has been the cause of almost all that is little and pusillanimous in us, and has retarded us in all growths, except that of material and industrial prosperity, which it was not its business to hinder, but which perhaps it rather forwarded. I see no reason against conceding this. In religion it produced the Establishment, and in saying that, how much is involved! At present the great Catholic movement throughout the world is distinguished by nothing so much as the clear ascendancy of the grand, magnanimous, and vigorous principle of ultramontaniam. It is the tendency of modern civilisation to render more and more nugatory and indistinct all national separations, peculiarities of blood, and territorial boundaries. Philosophy, science, diplomacy, literature, feeling, all go the same way. But to what centre? It is hard to say. So far it has mimicked the divine Catholic system. But we have our sacred centre, all the more sacred because it seems so frail, the Roman Throne, the image of the Throne Invisible.

"You will not think that I am trifling with you, then, when I make much of St. Philip's being especially a Roman Saint; indeed, in a sense in which no other Saint ever was, since authority itself has named him Rome's Apostle. Whatever drifts our affections more and more towards Rome,—whatever increases in us a mysterious love and loyal homage towards the Jerusalem of Catholics, whose claim to our respect rests no more on the character of its populace than did the claims of the Holy City of David on the virtues of the rabble that chose Barabbas,—whatever inspires us

with a fondness for all that breathes of Rome and looks like Rome, —whatever instils into our hearts that old religious instinct which bade our Saxon kings come down from off their thrones and wander in enthusiastic pilgrimage to that strange old city of ruins and of tombs, where God has fixed St. Peter's living Throne, a Throne all eyes world-encompassing, all hands world-subduing, all wisdom world-inspiring,—whatever makes that home and hearth of Christendom dearer to us, and each day more dear, is a real and substantial blessing. Out of it will come Catholic life. Out of it will come generous strength and health. Look at the Church of France, who so nobly leads the way, oblivious of her old selfish Gallican glories. Look at America, and her robust young Church. See, it is the instinct of the earth, every where awakening to the faith, with its wide and princely episcopate, to rise up and throw itself on Rome, and to lean all its weight upon that central point which the finger of God has touched, and which will sustain the world, when all else shall rock to and fro. Is there no significance, then, in the coming of Rome's own Apostle to help us in the fight, and to pitch his quiet but busy little tent amid those of the host of God, waiting for the battle, the tents of Israel that are beautiful as 'tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched, as cedars by the water-side?'

"The other nations of Europe say of us, and it cannot be denied that there is some truth in the reproach, that we are not a happy people. 'It has been said of us by one of our own writers, that we have produced the greatest poets of any nation in the world, and yet are ourselves of all nations the least poetical; and that the lack of poetry betokens or causes, or both, the want of happiness. This is perhaps an exaggeration; and it is at any rate more true of the higher than of the lower orders. It must be acknowledged, however, that without doubt the aspect of our character is sober, serious, solemn, nay, not unfrequently sour and sombre. We are wanting in light-heartedness. We should have more energy, or perhaps elasticity would be a truer word, if our spirits were more gay. Foreigners exaggerate this. They always misunderstand us. We are as hard a people to understand as any on the face of the earth. No one can lead an Englishman but an Englishman. No one can persuade an Englishman but an Englishman: neither Scotchman nor Irishman, much less a man from over-seas. It may be part of our pride. It may be something else. But so it is.

"It fell to my lot some time ago to have to read some American books, which surely are next door to English. But the very thing that struck me was, 'What different principles the Americans reason on from what we do! Arguments like these would never persuade men in Oxford or in London.' We shut ourselves up, and make ourselves a hundred times more gloomy in appearance than we are in reality. But, now, was this our national character in the old ages? Why, our very nickname was 'Merrie England;' and merry did not only mean that her fields were greener than anybody

else's fields, but that her hearts were as light, her faces as bright, and her words as blithe, nay, I will say it, because of her freedom, lighter, brighter, and blither. 'It is an enemy hath done this.' It is our evil genius of puritanism, and that too, as history testifies, not a native genius, but a foreign one naturalised, from Frankfort and Geneva; burnt into a generation, together with the gall and bitterness of exile, and the rancour of religious strife. You will say all this is an argument against St. Philip, because he is a foreign Saint. But I answer that it is not; first, because I cannot admit that, in matter of religion, any thing from Rome is or can be foreign any where; and next, because St. Philip translates himself into English, and makes himself into a number of Englishmen, before he comes and gives his spirit to many more (may it be a growing number!) than are called by his sweet name. And what I am bent upon saying now is, that his peculiar spirit of playfulness, and gaiety, and tenderness, and insinuating variety, and graceful pliability, and sunshiny religion, is just what we want to neutralise our puritanism, which has impaired by disgusting all the earnestness of the land."

The following remarks we think strikingly true:

"When George Whitfield preached, it was not only the grim-faced colliers with tears making white gutters down their faces, or the excited groups of sunburnt ploughmen, who threw themselves before him, and let the lava of his impetuous heart run over them, and do what it would with them. But Hume and Franklin, Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, 'maids of honour and lords of the bed-chamber,' came to hear him. Nay, dignified bishops of the Establishment hid themselves behind curtains to listen to the tapster of a Gloucester tavern. Yet the poor servitor of Pembroke College had only a poor pittance of Oxford lore about him. He was there but a little while, and of that little while the most had been spent in praying and fasting with the two Wesleys at Lincoln College, or in meditating and fighting with the evil one for whole nights together in the wet grass of Christ Church meadow. His power was first of all in the heart, and the simplicity and the interior doctrine of his preaching. Bating his heresy, he preached just as St. Philip would have taught him to preach if he had been an Oratorian novice, which, unluckily for his poor soul, George Whitfield never was. And, secondly, his power was in the fact that the English are a *hearing* people. A popular author of the day, of much power and more onesidedness, and whose works are full of a prelude-like Gibbonlike infidelity, in enunciating with his usual breadth one of the half-truths which are at once his characteristic and his strength, complains of the English taste for hearing. Be it so: yet it is a *fact*, and you must rule people with their wills, before you can rule them against their wills; and if you believe in individual souls, you cannot afford to lose time in saving them. The 'dumb dogs,' the non-preaching clergy of old times, are a

proverb in English history ; puritanical life was in preaching ; the magic of methodism was in preaching ; Whitfield preached on an average forty hours a week for many years. You cannot drive out the English taste for preaching by ritual or aught else. You must convert them by the excess of the foolishness of preaching, before you can mould them more to your mind, if you wish to do so. Benedict XIV. mentions St. Philip's remarkable devotion to Savonarola ; it almost gave offence ; the Sacred Congregation of Rites, however, found no fault in it, and took no scandal at it. This devotion of their holy Father is not likely to escape the minute and thoughtful attention of his children. When all Rome first rang with Philip's name, what was it men said that he had done ? Established the 'daily Word of God : ' that was the very Protestant-sounding phrase that passed from mouth to mouth, from the Vatican to Santa Croce, from the Porta del Popolo to St. Paul's beyond the Walls : established the daily Word of God ! Think of his times, of men's wants, of nascent Protestantism, of the working of minds, of the irresistible thirst for doctrine that was throwing off swarm after swarm of heresy, fast as the steam-press flings forth the sheets of the popular journal of our day,—and then what wisdom, what significance, what an austere, single, divine idea,—'established the daily Word of God ! ' You see, St. Philip's outward dress, no less than his hidden spirit, fits England to a nicety. If the land had been measured for him and for his Oratory, the fit could not have been completer."

The picture drawn so touchingly in our next extract is still, to some extent, ideal. The "Oratory" as it exists in Rome and elsewhere, attached to the churches of the Oratorian Fathers, is not yet established in England. The Spiritual Mechanics' Institute, as it may very fairly be called, with no violent stretch of language, is still a matter for hope and prayer, though we trust that before long time has passed, we shall be in a position to value its merits, not only by anticipation, but from the sight of its powers in living operation. Still, it is enough to enter one of those two strange-looking buildings in Birmingham and London, on any week-day evening, to judge what may be done by what is done already. A congregation of priests, like those of St. Philip, enjoys facilities for making a church the *home* of the poor man, which can rarely be possessed to an equal extent by the one, two, or three priests who are attached to an ordinary church, and who are overwhelmed with the toils of more strictly parochial duties. And that the Oratorian Fathers have made good use of these facilities, and that Almighty God has vouchsafed an abundant blessing on their zeal, no one can doubt who watches the joy, the earnestness, and the devotion with which, night after night, the children of labour

throng their services, and the intense satisfaction they feel in the privileges thus afforded them. Observant Catholics, both English and foreign, who have long mourned over the hardheartedness of English Protestantism, and have thought it almost impossible to reproduce in this desert land the scenes which delight the devout eye in truly Catholic countries, have been again and again amazed to find with what facility and rapidity a Catholic church and its people can be as it were transplanted from Rome, or Belgium, or France, and placed in the densest masses of our heathen cities. We pray, therefore, that the time may speedily come when the "Oratory," in all its genuine spirit, and adapted to the circumstances of England in the nineteenth century, may be opened not only in London and Birmingham, but in every great town in the empire. The assistance which such an establishment would furnish to the parochial clergy would be immense. It would just do for their people what nothing else can do. During the week it would receive from the various districts of a city its complement of those who on Sundays frequent what we may soon hope to call their parish church; but who on other days require a species of recreation, half secular, half spiritual, which it is utterly beyond the leisure of their parish priests to afford them. But we must allow Father Faber to speak for himself:

"Surely," he says, "the English people are greatly in need of holyday and recreation. These long hours of work, these unwholesome atmospheres, these steel-filings, soap-boilings, poison-polished cards, stereotype-plate castings, gasometers, tan-pits, vitriol-works, and the rest of it, well-nigh drain the life out of a man. His gloomy, wearisome, slowfooted Sunday is all he has for his own; almost to be accounted lucky if, sometimes, work even then interferes with the dead weight of his reflective unhappiness on that day. The English artisans are in need of recreation. They will be a happier people when they have it, and a holier people when they are happier. Yet you must make a man happy in his own way. A king and an archbishop have no divine right to issue a book of sports, and thrust happiness down men's throats, against their will, and out of their own way. As matters are at present, it is most unlikely that the great multitude of serious England will find their recreation otherwise than in their religion. Anyhow, some will look for it there, and some in scientific meetings, literary institutes, and political clubs. Now let us take the first half of the question first. Some will look for their recreation in religion. Given the hypothesis—there have been wilder ones—that St. Philip had an oratory in all the large towns, or places opened on the model of an oratory. The evening comes; the gates of the factories are thrown wide open; the streets are filled with crowds of artisans, each one

of whom is full of noblest capabilities of good, and the worst has an immortal soul. He has time to go home, to wash, to rest, to refresh himself. After all that toil there must be excitement; there can be no rest without it. He goes, if he wills, and hundreds do will, to the oratory. If he is early, he can pray in silence; he can visit the altars; the pictures and the images soothe him and teach him; the silence round the tabernacle of the Most Holy excites him and heats him into more loving prayer. The hour comes; he can join in the English prayers, respond to the Litanies, share the Paters and the Aves, in his own Saxon tongue, which is much to his heart's content. Then he can sing, at least in his way; every body sings there, why not he? he is a hymn-loving animal, as his puritan fathers were before him; this is yet more to his heart's content. Then comes the sermon; a stranger or chance dropper-in would think it portentously long in most cases; the fact is, it was not meant for him; the place is a factory of sermons, meant for people who make a nightly business of hearing; the artisan is an Englishman, and thus a hearing animal, and so this is most of all to his heart's content. So he joins in the next hymn more joyously still; then, perhaps, the altar glows with its starry lights, and he can go home with no less a benediction than His who made him, given to him there and then in His own gracious Bodily Presence. Or if there be aught upon his mind, his Lord is waiting in the free confessionals, ready to bleed balm upon his wounds, and send him home happy, if any son of earth there be that night who is so. What does he think, that body and that soul of his, of Philip's recreation?

"I wonder what St. Philip would have thought of a people's hall or a mechanics' institute. One thing I am quite certain of, that he would not have let them alone. That 'old man of sixty, and wonderful in many respects, and of astonishing prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual exercises,' of whom Ancina spoke in 1576, in his letter written May 28th, this very day, would have had *his* people's hall and *his* mechanics' institute, and had his daily Word of God after a fashion within their precincts, just as he had his processions, and his pilgrimages, and his frolics and picnics in vineyards, for carnival times and the like; for Philip's 'Word of God' includes many things; it is not mere missionary preaching; it included Baronius' Annals, with all its secular learning. Perchance men may some day hear St. Philip lecture on Physical Geography, on the danger of Biela's Comet, or the Physiognomy of Plants, in a Mechanics' Institute, or on English Literature or the Principles of Poetry in a People's Hall. He has been seen in odder places, and to some purpose, before now. His views are any thing but narrow. You may trust him for that.

"Now, here is a Saint in the Roman calendar, who founded a congregation three hundred years ago; and, strange to say, he made it a fundamental rule of its communities that they should be fixed in large towns. For himself, he never slept out of Rome

for a good part of a century. No green fields, no wood-encircled monasteries, no countrified noviciates, nor even a house of studies in the fresh air, were his children to have. In the murky alleys, in the half-eternal fog, in the cheerless sight of odds and ends of blue sky now and then seen between the housetops, in the din and whirl, in the fret and 'slow fever,' as one of his holiest children called it, of half-hourly interruptions, they were to live in their cells, and pray as if they were in a wilderness, and preach as if they were in a heathen land; and when their faces got white, and their limbs aching, and their heads stunned and good for nothing, then they might off to some country-house for a while, to get gulps of fresh air, which they were to take in with all reasonable rapidity, like men drinking uncomfortably in a hurry. Now, is not this just what we want? It is as if the old man, the type of modern times, saw far onward. These large towns, unheard-of terrifying agglomerations of over-worked and not over-contented people, sprinkled like black charged storm-clouds all over the land—these are our dread, our difficulty, our problem, our *opprobrium medicorum reipublicæ*. Who will undertake to draw off their electricity in safe and regulated ways? The poor Establishment? Alas! Lord Nelson used to say,—and it was the first moral lesson, perhaps, that some of us remember to have been taught,—that he owed every thing in life to his always being a quarter of an hour before his time. The established religion has just been the reverse. Its characteristic has been, that it has always been a quarter of an hour behind its time; and so it has let the large towns slip, irretrievably now. I think St. Philip could do something for them, which they would not be sorry to see done. Anyhow, his spirit is the spirit of large towns, unmistakeably so; and it is therefore quick to sympathise with the masses, which is what we want in England so much just now; not a kindness or a condescension, not a cricket-club or a Victoria Park, but a generous, cordial, human give-and-take sympathy with the masses. And the youth of large towns—it goes wandering about: poor shepherdless thing! it is Philip's flock, the flock of his choice, his first love; it will hear his voice, as of a shepherd, and know it, though it heard it not before, and gather together, and be in peace and joy and gay liberty of spirit round about the dear old Saint. One such troop of factory-youths in a dozen large towns, and St. Philip's work will be worth England's having."

There are other details in Father Faber's exposition of the spirit of St. Philip's congregation, which we must pass over, and hasten on to a feature in their services which is by no means peculiar to Oratorian churches, and to which we imagine the secret of their success is in a great measure, though not solely, to be attributed. It is a feature which there is every probability will be speedily multiplied in Catholic churches of all kinds throughout the country, as it is easy

of accomplishment, and is adapted to services conducted by secular clergy and by the regulars of every order. Of its immense importance in the glorious work of the conversion of erring Catholics to a life of virtue, and of Protestants to the true faith, it is difficult to speak too strongly. We refer to the eminently *congregational* character of the religious services of the churches of St. Philip.

No thoughtful and candid person can avoid being struck with the contrast which too many of our English Catholic churches present to a vast number of the Catholic churches on the continent. A traveller whose ears still ring with the pealing sounds of a thousand voices on the banks of the Rhine, enters a large church in his own land, and marvels to find that, save the priest and the choir, and a few trembling tongues besides, all is mute. In some country church in France or Belgium he has listened with wonder to the loud body of sound which has come forth from the congregation, with one heart repeating responses in their vernacular tongue. Or in some spacious Italian basilica or cathedral, his bewildered head has ached (while his devout heart has rejoiced) beneath the clattering Babel of innumerable voices, singing, perhaps all extremely badly, but all with extreme zeal. With refined musical taste he has almost jumped from his knees at the sound of the dancing strains with which in some broad Milanese, or Sardinian, or Tuscan *patois*, the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar is adored by a crowded throng. Or in that church of many pilgrimages, *Notre Dame des Victoires*, in Paris, his very teeth have trembled at the marvellous march of some rapid French *cantique*, which, in interminable length and most disjointed musical phrase, rises up from a kneeling multitude. Then he returns home, and with all the delightful signs of the spread of religion which he witnesses around him, with all the noble churches, and crowded confessionals, and well-performed ceremonial, which bespeak the zeal of a laborious clergy, and the blessing of God upon this land, still the congregations are for the most part silent. He hears complaints from many quarters that the people will not sing, that only a few will join in the English prayers, that Vespers and Compline, and, in many places, even Benediction, are listened to by the congregation, and sung by the choir alone. Here and there a partial exception may be found; but still, on the whole, the returning traveller, whose ears and whose heart have been equally charmed in Germany, and whose heart in other countries has been so warmed that he has forgotten to think how his ears have been tormented, feels oppressed with the decorous silence of his frigid countrymen,

and too often sets down their voiceless soberness to some incurable defect in the constitution of the Anglo-Saxon race.

That any such defect is the real cause, we have never, for ourselves, for one moment believed. We have ever been confident, paradoxical as many people will suppose it, that the English are a *singing* people; and that the Catholic congregations of England may easily, that is, with a *moderate* amount of well-directed labour, be brought to rival the foreign churches which are most distinguished for their congregational prayers and devout songs; and so far as good taste is concerned, to excel a large proportion of them.

The more purely musical aspect of the question shall first engage our attention. And to decide it, we need but a rapid glance at the musical history of the last three hundred years. In the early youth of musical science, we find English composers second only to the greatest masters of Italy, both in sacred and secular compositions. Cold as are the best Protestant works of the English school, it is yet impossible to deny that, so far as musical genius and learning could aid them, the writings of Tallis, and others of the schools of Palestrina, of Carissimi, of Durante, and of Leo, were the works of *masters* in the art. In secular pieces, where no Puritanism or Anglicanism interfered directly to check the development of their natural powers, the English musicians approached the Italians with a still closer rivalry. Their madrigals are still the delight of tens of thousands, after the lapse of from two to three centuries. No country in the world, save Italy, can pretend to furnish forth such a body of purely vocal choral masterpieces as may be heard to this day performed by the various madrigal societies in England. After the madrigal had passed away, a new species of vocal composition arose in England, to attain perfection in the soil where it first sprung, and to be transplanted *to no other country*. The "glee" is purely English in its origin, and it is *only* English to this very hour. And that the country which gave birth to the brilliant galaxy of glee-writers, whose works are alike the admiration of the learned and the delight of the ordinary listener, is an "unmusical" country, few would be rash enough to assert. A further proof of what we say is to be found in the long series of compositions of the various "Cathedral Schools." Unsatisfactory as are the most of these works, they are assuredly works of very considerable musical genius and learning; and they are more purely *vocal* than any of the contemporary schools which have flourished during the same period. In their immediate connexion are to be noticed the long series of English organ-players. It has been the fate

of organ-playing to retain its purity in England alone. In Italy it has long become a caricature. In Germany it has adapted itself to the eminently *orchestral* tastes of the German race. The French organists constitute no school at all. And to this present hour we have little doubt that this country could supply a larger number of musicians who would play that most glorious of all instruments in a more purely vocal spirit than any other country in Europe. For, it must be observed, we are not contending that England is a land where *instrumental* music has been successfully cultivated. Our deficiencies as orchestral writers are as marked as our successes as vocal writers. Notwithstanding occasional exceptions, in Italy, France, and England itself, Germany is the only home of instrumental music.

And now, in our own times, with what an astonishing rapidity is choral singing spreading among all classes throughout this island! The walls of Exeter Hall for years past have rung alternately with the harsh cries of Puritanism and with the voices of harmonious multitudes of amateur singers. Within the last twelvemonth we have heard a feat there accomplished, which a few years ago would have been accounted a simple impossibility. Six or seven hundred amateurs, under the discipline of an accomplished master, have been brought to sing the most difficult parts of the superb chorus from Handel's *Messiah*, "For unto us a Child is born," *pianissimo*. Most absurd, in truth, was the effect; and it shewed the conductor's misconception of the sacred words and of Handel's music; but it shewed at the same time the admirable capacity of ordinary Englishmen and Englishwomen for choral singing. And Exeter Hall is but one instance among hundreds. Everywhere, even in little country villages, the moment the people are taught to sing, and familiarised with good, solid, and interesting compositions, a zeal is displayed, and a progress is made, which sometimes astonishes the most sanguine. That English Catholics, therefore, *will not* sing, we may safely assume to be a fiction; and we must seek for the cause of their present silence, not in any inherent indisposition, but in some other source.

This source we believe to be twofold. Our congregations are, for the most part, silent when they ought to speak or sing partly because we have formed an exaggerated estimate of their capacity to sing and respond in Latin, and partly because we have possessed so few English hymns. Consequently, customs have grown up in this country which, with certain exceptions, are unknown to the rest of the Catholic Church. It has become a kind of established maxim, that Vespers, or

at least Compline, is the proper afternoon or evening service for ordinary Catholic congregations. Sometimes both Vespers and Compline are sung, sometimes the Sunday Vespers are substituted for the proper Vespers for the day, sometimes other services are added in a subordinate rank; but, still, the general idea with many persons has been, that assisting at Latin Vespers is almost as much a portion of the ordinary lay Catholic's Sunday duty as hearing Mass.

Now the first thing that strikes the mind on thinking over this circumstance is its singularity. Why, we ask at the first blush, should England be different from the rest of Catholic Christendom? Our position and our spiritual advantages are wonderfully changing; and it is of the utmost importance that we should make no false step. If we introduce novelties, and adopt a different system from that which has been sanctioned by general usage in Catholic countries, it ought to be after mature consideration, with a certainty that our circumstances are really peculiar to ourselves, and that the plans we are adopting are eminently suitable to our necessities. Many English people, indeed, believe that in *every* Catholic church on the continent Latin Vespers or Compline are said or sung as regularly as Mass itself. But the case is almost the very reverse. Latin congregational services are the exception and not the rule every where but amongst ourselves. With certain exceptions, Vespers are sung only in cathedral, collegiate, or monastic churches, where they form a portion of the duty of the clergy, not as parish-priests, but as canons, monks, or the like. *One* species of Vespers, indeed, is still to be heard in some churches in Rome and elsewhere, which would fill untravelled English Catholics with amazement. In these churches sometimes one psalm, sometimes the whole of the psalms, is turned into a long and elaborate composition, frequently with a florid orchestral accompaniment, with solos, duets, choruses, and recitatives, which is listened to by the congregation, who, for the most part, walk out when the more splendid portion of the service is over. We could shew to our readers many a "*Dixit Dominus*" which fills a goodly volume, ending with such a chorus of "Amens" as would make the most tiresome of English "*Magnificats*," by comparison, quite terse and delightful. *This* species of afternoon or evening service few persons would wish to see adopted in the generality of Catholic churches; of this, therefore, we need say no more.

As to the regular chanted Vespers, we repeat, they are not the *ordinary* afternoon or evening service in Catholic countries. These services are of all kinds, and partake of

that wide spirit of toleration which the Church has ever adopted in the guidance of her children. Sometimes, as in many parts of Germany, they consist of somewhat elaborate liturgical services in German; sometimes they chiefly consist of sermons and vernacular hymns; sometimes of the Rosary or Litanies; sometimes of numerous short prayers, with many "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys." One rule alone generally prevails: they are such services as the people can understand, appreciate, and take their part in. For the most part, they are in the language of the country, with "Benediction" in Latin. In parts of France, Vespers are not uncommon.

In stating this, our readers will not, we trust, misunderstand us, and suppose that we are in the slightest degree disparaging the exquisite perfections of the offices for Vespers and Compline. Of their inimitable excellence, and their adaptation to those purposes *for which the Church designed them*, there can be no doubt in any cultivated Catholic mind. What we allege is, that they are but a fragment of one beautiful whole, the Breviary office for an entire day; that, torn from the rest of the "Hours," and employed by common lay persons who are strangers to the other offices, from Matins onwards, they are shorn of no little of their beauty and meaning; that in their structure they are eminently adapted to the habits and knowledge of educated minds like those of the clergy, and can be appreciated by educated minds alone; and lastly, that, being in Latin, they never will be even verbally comprehended by the vast majority of our congregations, and therefore never will be really *adopted* by them as the expression of their own devout aspirations.

An idea, we know, is entertained by some few ardent persons, that English Catholics generally may be taught sufficient Latin to enable them to understand Vespers; while others believe that even though congregations do not know Latin, they *may be* brought to sing Vespers through the aid of an English version on the corresponding pages of their Vesper-books. As to the first idea, *when the work is really accomplished, and our congregations do understand Latin*, it will be time enough to act upon the *fact*. At present a congregation understanding Latin is a pure hypothesis. Taking all our congregations together, there are not, on an average, a dozen persons in any one church who could explain the meaning of the Vesper Psalms, Antiphons, and Hymns. That they ever *will* generally understand them, for our own part, we are wholly incredulous. In France, or Italy, or Spain, where the vernacular tongue is more akin to the Latin, the work would be less difficult; but not even in these countries has the know-

ledge of Latin ever become general among all classes. As to countries where they speak a language so unlike Latin as English, we believe it to be utterly visionary to expect congregations to learn sufficient Latin to *understand* the Vesper-service, without a far longer education than is possible for the great mass of the people. Of course, we may be wrong in our expectations; but hitherto undeniable facts are against the supposition that English Catholic congregations can be brought to study a difficult dead language for the purpose of singing and enjoying the Vesper-service.

That an accompanying English version will suffice in the place of any such real knowledge of Latin, facts have already disproved. Vesper-books for the laity are multiplied far and wide, and at every price. Yet our congregations, taken as a whole, do not sing, or seem in any way really to love and enter into, the Vesper-service. The fact is, that very few persons will take the trouble to study a translation of an unknown language to such an extent as to enable them to comprehend the corresponding words and phrases in the original. Let any one of those who themselves understand Latin make the attempt for himself in some other language of which he knows nothing. Let any man who knows nothing of French try the experiment of attending the common week-day evening service which is to be found in so many churches in France, and ascertain whether he would have patience enough to familiarise himself with those French prayers and hymns solely for the sake of joining in the devotions of the congregation. Let any man compare the feelings with which he would sing an ordinary secular song in an unknown tongue, with the gratification and meaning with which he would sing in his own native language. When we try upon ourselves the experiments we expect from others, we find that the notion of a congregation joining, whether in singing or otherwise, in devotions in a strange tongue, is a pure theory, contradicted by facts of all kinds, both secular and ecclesiastical.

Yet it may be said, though congregational Vesper singing (except, of course, in colleges and other unusually favoured instances) is still a thing to be hoped for, Vespers are gladly attended by crowds of Catholics, who shew by their serious demeanour that in some way or other they are edified and pleased. But is this really the case? We shrewdly suspect that with the laity in general Vespers are any thing but a popular service. *What attracts the people is the sermon and Benediction.* Where there is nothing but Vespers, they are the least popular of all services, whether they are well sung

or ill sung—whether drawled out by a poor-school of boys and girls, or sung in the “decorated style” by a “select” choir—whether the Gregorian tones are adopted in all their antique grandeur, or half Anglicised in the common editions in use among our choirs;—when there is nothing but Vespers, the people do not come. To the educated few, undoubtedly, they are a most delightful service; and to a choir which loves to hear its own voices, and discourages all rude, unpolished congregational music, there is a dishonourable pleasure in singing any thing to their own praise and glory; but the people—the immense mass of lay Catholics, men and women, wealthy and poor—love something which they can easily comprehend, and in which with heart and voice they can easily join.

“Would you, then, banish Vespers altogether from our English churches and chapels?” it will be asked of those who share our views on this subject. Far from it. We need not fly from one extreme to another, and in our zeal for congregational services for those who do not understand Latin, forbid the enjoyment of a most exquisite service to those who do. Why can we not do in England as they do abroad? Certainly we cannot sing Vespers at all (except in our college and monastic chapels), if we are to sing them only in cathedrals and large collegiate churches, for the simple reason that we have no cathedrals and no collegiate churches. But why could it not be so arranged in every large town, that in one or two churches, Vespers, or Vespers and Compline, should be sung by as many singers as possible, for the benefit of those who liked such services? Every one who is familiar with the caprices and difficulties of choirs, whether amateur or professional, is aware of the difficulty of collecting as large a body of singers for an afternoon service as for Mass. Probably, on the average not above one-third of those who sing at High Mass can be reckoned upon for afternoon or evening duty. Might it not, then, be worth consideration whether a much better service could not be sung by uniting all available voices in one or two churches frequented by the more educated classes of Catholics? For of all Church music, nothing suffers so much from insufficiency of singers as the tones for the Psalms. Our Vespers, as frequently conducted, are an absolute caricature. Persons who have been accustomed to hear them lackadaisically harmonised by some three or four ladies and gentlemen, sometimes *assisted*—so to call it—by the nasal twang of several scores of children, fresh from the Sunday’s one-o’clock dinner, have no conception of the magnificence of a truly congregational Vespers, such as may be

heard at some of our colleges, where almost every one present has a voice, and not only sings, but knows what he is singing. And though such a perfectly performed service would be impracticable in parish churches, still, in every populous town, by the union of the forces of three, four, or five choirs, a very tolerable result might be ensured, and all parties—so far as such a thing is within the limits of possibility—would be pleased.

A further objection to the opinions we have stated will perhaps be drawn from our admission that *Benediction*, though in Latin, may be made an eminently congregational service. This we not only admit, but warmly urge; and not only urge it, but further admit that even when not congregational, it is a function which has charms for every devout Catholic soul. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is a service which stands, as it were, between the *sacerdotal* service of the Mass, and *congregational* services, like Vespers, the Rosary, Litanies, and so forth. In a certain sense, it is an *act*, like the Eucharistic Sacrifice; it is an act of adoration, consummated most fitly in an unbroken silence, in which the prostrate multitude of believers, each one with his hidden love and faith, bows down and worships its ever-present God. It is, so to say, a “visit” of the whole Church there present to the Blessed Sacrament; and its quasi-sacramental character is so deeply engraven on the hearts of all, that it is at once individual and congregational, at once the expression of the homage of the united body of the faithful, and the approach of each regenerate soul to the Fountain of all pardon and grace. Hence, though the satisfaction felt by a congregation in a Benediction where the hymns or litany are not thoroughly congregational is not as complete as when all sing and all adore, still the result is wholly unlike that of Vespers sung by a select band of vocalists. Vespers, when not congregational, are nothing.

But further, it will not be denied that in too many instances, as yet, Benediction in England is not as congregational as it ought to be. We are not speaking of those intolerable cases, now every day becoming more rare, in which a young lady with a great many notes in her voice, and very few ideas of what she is doing in her head, pours forth an “*O Salutaris*” abounding in rapid cadences and ending with an amazing trill, which but for its odious irreverence would be supremely ridiculous. Where nothing so offensive as this is perpetrated, still, for some reason or other, not one quarter of those who *could* sing do sing at Benediction. This silence, however, we do not impute to the Latin language in which

the service is conducted. The hymns and litany used at Benediction are short and rhythmical, and being incessantly used, and their meaning most palpable, they can be easily understood. Even in England, here and there a vast assemblage may be heard united in reverent jubilation, sending forth before the Blessed Sacrament its one voice of prayer and praise; while in foreign Catholic countries the simple and touching splendour of the Benediction is one of those things which most surprise the traveller accustomed only to the dismal proprieties of home. From what is already accomplished, there can be no doubt that, whatever may be thought of what we have said respecting Vespers, this whole land may be made to resound with the songs of hundreds of congregations, pouring forth a mighty stream of sound before the Adorable Sacrament, and calling upon the Blessed Mother of God for her intercession with Him whom she beholds in his glory, while from our sight He is hidden beneath the sacramental veils.

One more possible objection demands, however, a brief consideration. A suspicion may arise in some minds that the general adoption of English services tends towards an error already condemned by the Church, viz. the wish for a disuse of Latin in the Mass. As we have already implied, they who are familiar with the practices of the Church in Catholic countries will see at once into the fallacy of any such objection, inasmuch as it is the general rule of the Church to employ the vernacular language of each country in almost all her services specially designed for the people. A complete proof, however, that all such suspicions are groundless, is furnished by reflection on the essentially distinct nature of the Mass from all congregational worship. The distinction is twofold: first, the Mass is accomplished, not by the people, but by the celebrating priest, who *individually* represents the whole Church of God; and secondly, so far as the congregation (whether consisting of lay people alone, or comprising other priests besides the celebrant,) is associated in the sacrifice, it is associated *in the act*, and not necessarily *in the actual words uttered*. Hence, on the first ground, the Mass is not a congregational service at all, in the sense that Vespers and other devotions are congregational. We speak of *hearing* Mass; but who ever thought of *hearing* Vespers, except in a totally different sense? One alone stands forth and makes the awful offering. The rest kneel around and share the blessing, and join, it may be, in most of the very words he uses; but he is the sole minister before God; and even were not a solitary believer to be pre-

sent, the sacrifice, both for the living and the dead, would be efficacious and complete. And secondly, the congregation, which in a subordinate place participates in the Mass, participates in it, not as a devout and elaborate form of prayer to Almighty God, but as an act in which the Church, through her ministers, offers Jesus Christ in expiation for her sins, and for all those other purposes for which the sacrifice was instituted. But to participate in the *act* of the sacrifice, it is by no means necessary to participate in the *words* of the celebrant. Protestants, indeed, cannot understand this; they do not comprehend what an *act* of sacrifice and adoration is, and therefore they fancy that because the priest says Mass in Latin, he is *substituting* his prayers for the prayers of the laity. Their idea of congregational worship is confined to the contemporaneous utterance of certain words, whether hymns, prayers, thanksgivings, or the like. Of the union of heart, of intention, and still more of action, which constitutes the very life of Catholic public services, and pre-eminently of the Mass, they are ignorant; and therefore, very naturally, on their own ground, charge the Catholic Church with putting the devotions of the clergy in the place of the devotions of the laity.

Every Catholic, however, by the experience of his whole life, has a personal sense of the essential difference between the sacrificial character of the Mass and the devotional character of ordinary prayers, so profound, that he finds it difficult to understand the feelings of the Protestant world respecting it. Unless some unhappy intellectual twist has warped his judgment, so far from desiring to have the Eucharistic Sacrifice perverted into a literally congregational collection of prayers, he rejoices with gratitude in the liberty of heart which he is now permitted to enjoy. To most Catholics it would be a painful burden to be always compelled to follow the priests precisely in the very words he is uttering before the altar. Uneducated Catholics almost universally very much prefer the use of devotions united in subject, matter, and intention, with the various portions of the Mass, but more simple, more capable of expansion or condensation, more individual, than the actual liturgy as spoken by the priest. And even those who are by education better able to appreciate and employ the almost inspired perfections of the Missal, frequently, and perhaps generally, betake themselves to some mode of hearing Mass in which their personal feelings may be specially consulted, and they may come before their God and Saviour, and lay bare before Him those sins and sorrows, those joys and that gratitude, which He alone can fully know.

Hence that wonderful union of sacrificial, of congregational, and of individual devotion, which a public Mass presents to those who know what is passing in the souls of the kneeling throng. Before the altar stands the celebrating priest; in himself nothing, in himself a sinner, in himself the mere instrument by which the Eternal High Priest offers Himself to the Divine Majesty. Absorbed in his awful work, to an extent which the most devout of those who are not Catholics can scarcely conceive, he prays, he consecrates, he offers, he adores, he communicates, he gives thanks, scarcely conscious the while whether he is alone or surrounded by thousands—whether he is in silence, or whether the church is ringing with the voices of a numerous choir. In the multitude behind him, each Catholic, while he never forgets that he is one with all his brethren in Christ, and is united to Christ by the very act of his adoption into the body of Christ, approaches God, and shares in the Sacrifice, with a full and free manifestation of all his necessities as an individual soul, for whom individually Christ died. In one place kneels some poor, greyheaded, aged man, telling his beads, for he cannot read even his own language. By his side is a young child, with her little book full of pictures, and at each separate division of the Mass she says one of the short prayers before her, and spends the rest of her time in watching the movements of the priest and his assistants, and wonders, it may be, whether there is any thing more beautiful in heaven itself. Close at hand is a steady, sober, respectable gentleman, holding his spectacles in one hand, while with the other he supports a well-bound Missal, in which he attentively reads every word, either in Latin or in English, accompanying the priest as far as possible in every phrase, unconscious of the slightest desire for a more individual expression of his pious thoughts and well-ordered unenthusiastic feelings. Near him, again, is a young woman, with her face buried in her hands, or with a look expressing the intensest adoration and love—gazing at the Adorable Presence before her, forgetting for awhile every pang of heart or pain of body, and anticipating the ineffable joys of the moment when the unveiled Godhead shall be revealed to her for ever. Another, like herself, perhaps in poverty, perhaps in wealth, alternately reads and meditates. She has before her a brief outline of the Passion of Jesus Christ, the course of its incidents adapted to the course of the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar; and at every step she has some special mercy to ask in immediate connexion with the sufferings and death of her Lord: she prays for pardon for some sin, for deliverance from

some temptation, for protection in some trial, for the conversion of some friend or relation, for a blessing on some person who desires her prayers, or who has injured her, or whom she has injured, or on the Church herself, on the Pope, on her country, or she gives thanks for mercies past, or prays in some other of the innumerable ways in which the Christian heart comes near its God. By her side is a person hearing Mass for the second time that day, and after communicating at the first, converting every separate step in the second into a species of thanksgiving for the gift just vouchsafed to him. Or, to Protestant eye most strange of all, close at hand in the midst of the people, a priest is saying his office; turning over the leaves of his breviary, his lips rapidly moving in the recital of psalms and antiphons and collects; yet every now and then, by his rising up or kneeling down, or by his laying aside his book, shewing that he too, in most un-protestant fashion, is participating in the Sacrifice, and sharing the intentions of both celebrant and congregation.

Yet, amidst all this endless variety, there is but one mind. The prayers of the priest are not substituted for those of the people. No living being suspects or is suspected either of priestcraft or despotism. No one desires to force his brother against his will. No one desires to participate in a more congregational service. No one complains that Latin is the only language heard. No one complains that much of what the priest says is heard by no one, and that many of the congregation hear not a single word that he utters. It is the most marvellous union of liberty and law which this earth can shew. It is a more perfect harmonising of the duties of man both as a brother and as an individual than the unbelieving world can conceive. It is the most striking exemplification of that union of discipline and toleration, which is the guiding principle of the Church in her treatment of her children, which she can any where exhibit. Like the direct works of her Almighty Lord, it displays that astonishing unity in variety, which man in his secular works is ever seeking to attain, and so seldom accomplishing. It is at once the joy of the Catholic, the astonishment of the candid Protestant, and the scoff of the vulgar unbeliever. To those who are without, it is a mummary; to those who are within, it is the foretaste of heaven. *O sacrum convivium, in quo Christus sumitur, recolitur memoria passionis Ejus, mens impletur gratiâ, et futuræ gloriæ nobis pignus datur!* The beggar with his beads, the child with her pictures, the gentleman with his missal, the maiden meditating on each mystery of the Passion, or adoring her God in silent love too deep for words, the grateful com-

municant, and the priest with his breviary, have but one intent, one meaning, and one heart. They bow themselves to the dust as sinners; they pray to be heard for Christ's sake; they joyfully accept his words as the words of God; they offer the bread and wine; they unite themselves with the celebrant in the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, which he, as their priest, offers for them; they communicate spiritually; they give thanks for the ineffable gift which God has given them. Their words differ, but their hearts are united, and their will is one. Therefore is their offering pure and acceptable in the sight of Him who knows their secret souls, and who accepts no man for the multitude or for the fewness of his sayings, for his book or for his beads; but for that *intention* with which he has, according to his sphere and capacities, fulfilled His sacred will.

Such, then, being the Sacrifice of the Mass, we see at once why, although it is obligatory upon all Catholics to be present on certain frequent days, the Western Church retains a Latin Liturgy. Many other reasons, indeed, she has for paying no heed to the taunts of Protestants respecting the "unknown" language of her most solemn rite. And similar reasons weigh with her for retaining the Latin tongue to a great extent in her other Sacraments, and in many other of her functions in which the people may share, and love to share. The grounds, however, which we have been especially urging are those which bear most upon the use of Latin in the Mass, in contrast with her use of the vernacular in general congregational services; and feebly as we have stated them, they may serve to shew those who associate English afternoon and evening services with an English Mass, that the two questions are essentially, and ever must be, distinct.*

We venture, then, to suggest an inquiry whether the chief reason why our English Catholic congregations for the most part take so little share in services designed for their special use may not be, after all, no incurable inaptitude in themselves, but rather an expectation of too high a degree of intellectual culture on the part of average men and women. And we have treated the question of congregational worship as identical with that of congregational music, because the best means for inducing a congregation to *speak*, is to get

* Our present remarks, it will be observed, are not designed in any way to be an apology for those English prayers which are said in some churches and chapels before and after Mass, and the use of which, we presume, is upheld on the ground that a Latin Mass is *not* intelligible to the common people. As our observations have been directed to shew how it is that a Latin Mass *is* intelligible to all classes, they will not (we trust) be supposed to have any bearing upon the peculiar devotions in question.

them to *sing*. Many admirable services are in the hands of almost all English Catholics, some of which are in frequent use in a great number of our churches and chapels, both in town and in country places; but still, on the whole, the people do not appear to take that warm and hearty interest in them which would lead them to take their proper part in carrying them out. And that such devotions as Litanies, the Rosary, or the various prayers which are found in the *Garden of the Soul*, demand a thorough congregational use, every Catholic feels and maintains. Unless practically and heartily *adopted* by the congregation, they are frigid and dismal to the last degree. That silence which prevails at Mass, save when the priest speaks, in a voice never very loud, touchingly as it commends itself to the Catholic heart, and necessary as we may even say that it is, is oppressive and ridiculous in public English devotions. It freezes one to the soul to hear the single voice of the priest responded to by two or three acolytes, or the squeaking voices of a few school-children, or the mumbling timid whisper of a few of the more zealous of the female sex, in a vast concourse of people. We ought to hear every voice uplifted as of old, when, as St. Jerome says, the prayer of the Christians was like a shout of joy. And whatever may be the cause of our present coldness, it is certain that the surest, if not the only way to induce a congregation to speak out like Christians and like men, is to tempt them onwards by giving them an abundance of singing of such words and such music as they can understand and enjoy. A congregation that has learnt to open its mouth in order to sing will never rest satisfied with a doleful silence when it ought to speak.

Hitherto, indeed, one insurmountable hindrance has existed to congregational singing in the absence of a sufficient variety of good Catholic hymns, fit for constant use in ordinary churches. For without English hymns no progress can be made. The hymn itself is the very creation of the necessity under which every Christian man who has an ear and a voice feels himself to utter the praises of God to the notes of music. The enormous power of the cultivation of popular hymnody was speedily felt by Luther and his coadjutors in their unholy work, and accordingly, from his day to the present, almost every species of sect has sought to entrap the souls of the people by employing them to sing hymns. And what heresiarchs have done in the work of Satan, the Catholic Church in many countries has ever done in the service of God. Ask any Catholic missionary among the heathen whether he knows of any more powerful stimulus to devotion, or any thing more attractive to the average class of Christians?

Go into one of those venerable old Byzantine churches on the Rhine, and listen to the glorious swell of thousands, as they pour forth hymn after hymn in their sonorous German tones. Or, if any are still incredulous as to the vocal zeal of the English race, go to the humble buildings of the oratories amongst ourselves, and hear the tide of sound which rises from a crowd of men and women of all ranks, who seem to have found their voices by a kind of magic, and marvel that they have so long been silent.

It is impossible, in short, to inquire into facts, without coming to the conclusion that the Church can employ few more powerful auxiliaries, both for the conversion of Protestants and the reclaiming of careless or vicious Catholics, than the frequent use of hymns. Let them be only sung to music that not merely attracts at first, but *wears well*,—let the tunes be at once solid and spirited, removed alike from the flippant frivolity of the theatre and the mournful drawling of the conventicle,—and we are confident that the conversion of sinners and the edification of the devout will advance with redoubled speed. Those who are strangers to the subject can form no idea of the effect produced by hearty congregational singing upon casual Protestant visitors, or of the delight which Catholics, rich as well as poor, will feel in the employment. Striking to the senses as is all Catholic ceremonial, even where it is not at all understood, and useful as are our superb functions in inducing Protestants to come and see what Catholics do, and thus to hear what they say; nothing goes home to their hearts with such instant power as the sight and hearing of a great body of people with one jubilant voice praising and adoring God. In a Protestant church or chapel the contrast between the occasional zeal of the congregation, and the meagreness of the ceremonial, is at once absurd and repulsive. The whole seems to have no legitimate end, to be a mere energetic way of doing nothing. But in the Catholic Church all is natural and complete. The eye sees, and the ear hears, and *the heart feels*, that here indeed is the worship of an ever-present God, and a real faith in his word. Conceive any thing more touching and attractive to a tolerably well-disposed Protestant than a service which—to suppose a very obvious one—commences with a hymn, sung by every person present, old and young, to whom nature has not denied the gift of a voice. Then follows, let us suppose, a well-known devotion, the Litany of Intercession for England, in which hundreds and hundreds of persons are heard calling upon the Saints to pray for England, and to Almighty God to have mercy upon England. Then follows a second hymn,

perhaps in praise of the Mother of God; perhaps on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, in preparation for the Benediction which concludes the service. All this the Protestant has heard and understood, and has felt to be introductory to something yet more august and mysterious. He has borrowed a hymn-book, and perhaps essayed his part in the singing; and of course the sermon has been in some measure intelligible to his darling private judgment. Then, at once, all is changed. Lights break forth upon the altar, till their rays gleam to the farthest recesses of the building; he sees a manifest change in the attitude of the people; an increase both of awe and happiness is visible upon their countenances; incomprehensible movements take place among the clergy and their assistants; a door is opened upon the altar, the priest falls upon his knees; certain still more incomprehensible ceremonies follow; clouds of incense rise; the English tongue is heard no more, but, in words wholly unknown to the stranger, a sound of innumerable voices swells upwards all around him, and he almost trembles with a new-found emotion and surprise. Then awakes a more cheerful strain. It is still incomprehensible, but from the frequent repetition of a certain phrase, he gathers that they are praying to some Saint, or to the Queen of Saints; and he asks, is this idolatry? Again a more subdued and solemn song bespeaks some progress in the thoughts of the people. And after certain brief prayers, all is still; the priest holds up a golden vessel, the people bow down their heads, a bell tinkles below, and is answered by a pealing note from the tower above; then, it may be, another harmonious shout of praise, and all is over. The priest and his ministers depart, the lights are extinguished; of the congregation, some leave the church immediately, and some linger awhile in secret prayer. What, then, is this? Is it idolatry, or is it the worship of a present God? Is it mummary, or is it the anticipation of the love and joys of heaven?

Such must be the inquiry of many a well-disposed Protestant when thus enabled to comprehend just so much of Catholic devotion as to convince him, that in its perfection it is incomprehensible to him, mysterious, full of awe, and full of bliss. The ceremonies of High Mass, and other functions, which are entirely in Latin, or not eminently congregational, are totally inexplicable to Protestants. We greatly deceive ourselves if we think that our ritual generally produces upon them any portion of those feelings and ideas which it awakes in ourselves. They are bewildered, or astonished, or disgusted, or charmed, as with a grand secular show; but from the fact of our purely Latin services being entirely above their under-

standing, they exercise scarcely the slightest influence in convincing them that Almighty God is known, loved, and worshipped in the Catholic Church in a manner of which they know nothing.

Now we are as far as possible from pretending that Catholic services should be conducted with a *special* view to the instruction and edification of Protestants. We must not take the children's meat and cast it to dogs. If ever there was an unhappy notion, it was that which has too often prevailed, of depriving Catholics of their own natural Catholic devotions and externals through fear of giving offence to the world without.* If ever there was a device calculated *not* to draw down the blessing of God, it is that of paring down Catholic phraseology, banishing Catholic images, and otherwise adopting the *homœopathic* treatment of heresy, with a view of conciliating the minds of unbelievers. Still, let "the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." If any of our services can be so arranged as at once to give greater edification and delight to Catholics, and to instruct Protestants in the Catholic religion, the gain is not a little important. And situated as we now are in this country, with Protestants pouring into our churches all over the kingdom, it is almost of paramount necessity that we contrive in some way to enlighten them as to what we really are doing in our religious services. That they should come at all is so far a step gained. But if all they do when they are in church is to stare with open mouths at the priests, to clamber up on the benches to see "what they are doing now," to have their ears tickled with fascinating music, or even to hear a sermon which they afterwards pronounce to be "not so bad, after all,"—little indeed is done towards their conversion. What is needed is, to bring them upon their knees before God, as it were in the outer courts of his tabernacle. What they require is, not so much an intellectual argument as something mighty and overpowering to the whole soul, something which shall force them instantly to perceive that Catholicism is a *faith*—a living, energising, all-controlling, all-exalting, spiritual power; that in its children the worship of God, the love of his Saints, and the belief in all their doctrines, is an actual, never-ceasing reality; that a Catholic church differs from a Protestant church in the very nature of its worship, as well as in the

* Of course, we are not speaking of times of persecution, such as have prevailed in this country until a recent period, when concealment of all the externals of Catholic worship was frequently necessary in order to avoid outbreaks of actual violence. Our remarks refer only to a period like the present, when the tongue is the only weapon we have to face.

splendour of its ceremonial. Then will they begin to acknowledge that the difference between Catholics and Protestants is not so much a question of controversy, as a distinction between men who do not know God and men who do know Him. A certain spell will be cast over their spirits, enchaining them, humbling them, attracting them, and making them say to themselves, "If God *has* revealed Himself to his creatures, these men are they to whom He has spoken."

And for this end we must enable them to take just so much a part in our services as will make their attendance a practical and religious act on their own part, and not the mere visit to a Sunday show. We must take them by the hand a few steps along our journey, that when we part company they may be touched with a sense of something lost to them by their separation. By permitting them to share our English devotions, we must excite a consciousness that in our Latin services, such as the Mass and Benediction, there is something more glorious, more heavenly, more ineffably sweet and precious. This is what unhappy separatists now yearn for. They need a religion, a worship, an access to that God whom they know not; though, like the Pagans of old, they may feel after Him. Controversy has bewildered them. Their own teachers are preachers of riddles. Their trumpets are mute, or blow an uncertain sound. Let them, then, come but a few paces up the mount of God; let them catch but a few intelligible sentences of that message of truth and love which has been vouchsafed to us; let them but *see* how Catholics worship their present Lord; and we shall have done more to break the pride of their intellects and melt the ice of their hearts, than by the most cogent proofs of the inconsistencies of Protestantism and the abuses of the Established Church.

Before bringing our remarks to a close, we must briefly refer to a custom which prevails in some parts of Catholic Germany, which is not quite without parallel in England, but which is not sufficiently known amongst us. In the churches we speak of, the *Low Masses* are frequently accompanied by a series of German hymns, sung by the congregation while the priest is saying Mass at the altar; just as at an ordinary High Mass the choir accompanies him with certain portions of the Mass sung in Latin, or with an appropriate offertory piece of music. These hymns are, we presume always, in subject-matter adapted to that particular part of the ordinary of the Mass at which they are sung. At the *Kyrie* they sing a penitential hymn, at the *Gloria* a hymn of praise, at the *Credo* an expression of faith, at the *Sanctus* a

hymn of adoration of the Blessed Trinity, after the Elevation a hymn of adoration of our Blessed Lord there present, at the *Pater noster* a hymn of petition, at the *Agnus Dei* a prayer for mercy, when the priest communicates a prayer for spiritual communion. To many English ears the custom might seem strange, and possibly disagreeable; but we venture to suggest an inquiry, whether in some cases the practice might not be found eminently useful amongst ourselves. In a very large proportion of our churches and chapels there really exist no means for the celebration of any thing like a High Mass. In many others, where a High Mass, or a *Missa Cantata*, is sung every Sunday, the available choir is far from efficient in numbers or in musical skill. There are probably few priests who have not had painful experience of the difficulty of gratifying their people with some sort of a musical Mass on Sundays and days of obligation. Naturally enough, most Catholics like something more joyous than the usual weekday Low Mass; while in many missions, what with the organ, and what with the organist, and what with the singers, it is literally impossible to execute a Latin Mass with any tolerable propriety. Even in some large towns this is the case, while in country missions it is nearly universal. Might it not, then, be found useful, in some instances, to introduce, either throughout the Mass or in a few parts of it, the custom to which we have alluded? Many and many a person in a congregation, who has not sufficient knowledge of music to take a part in the simplest Latin Mass, could join, and would join, in the singing of hymns. At any rate, the subject appears to be well worth consideration, especially in a country like England, where the desire for some kind of music at Mass is so general among all classes.

A collateral advantage would further arise from the adoption of some similar practice. Every one who has studied the *intellectual* condition of the average class of men and women must often have wondered how persons whose secular occupations are wholly unintellectual, and whose education was ended at the usual period of the commercial or labouring ranks, contrive profitably to occupy themselves during a service even as short as a Low Mass. We speak, of course, not of eminently saintly persons, however uncultivated, but of the usual range of well-conducted Catholics, who fulfil all that is of absolute obligation, and little more. Such persons spend but a brief period on weekdays in devotional exercises. Their morning and evening prayers are short. Many of them do not practise daily meditation at all; or if they do, it is for a very limited number of minutes. To such minds the length

of a Sunday Mass, with its English prayers and its sermon, *at the shortest* requires a stretch of attention and an intellectual effort to which few of them are habitually equal. For, it need scarcely be added, devotional exercises are acts of the intellect as well as of the heart; and we know that intellectual development is by no means the necessary accompaniment of progress in sanctity. Many and many a hard-working mechanic or field-labourer, many and many a maid-servant or small shopkeeper, may make wonderful advances in love, humility, mortification, and every Christian grace, and yet find it a very difficult *intellectual* effort to pray for thirty consecutive minutes, or to meditate steadily for a quarter of an hour. And inasmuch as many good Catholics are at the same time not great saints, and not habituated to prolonged mental occupation, it becomes extremely important to *facilitate* to them, as far as possible, those more lengthened public religious acts which the Church either requires of them or recommends to their use.

Now it is well known that the act of singing, or even of listening to singing, does thus facilitate meditation, whether on spiritual or on secular subjects. It is one of the results of the mysterious gift of music, that it enables the mind to dwell with ease and pleasure upon the topics of its thoughts. As the melodious strain winds on, now swift, now slow, the attention is sweetly detained, and the soul has leisure to feed upon the objects of her emotions. The experiment may be tried by any one in an instant. Take up a breviary, and *read* the first hymn that its pages present. Its stanzas are ended almost as soon as begun. If we read them more slowly, they become (unless made the subject of meditation, strictly so called) tedious or unmeaning. Then let us proceed to sing the same. The time occupied is four, six, or eight times as long, during the whole of which the mind has been pleasantly and devoutly pondering upon the subjects suggested by the hymn, and has completed its work without exhaustion or fatigue. Such, doubtless, is one of the uses of a High Mass when the music is what it ought to be; and such, we think there is little doubt, would be one of the advantages of the introduction of appropriate congregational singing at Low Mass in churches where a High Mass, or a *Missa Cantata*, is not satisfactorily practicable. Many a labouring man would be enabled to occupy the whole of the hour and a half, which is (at the least) the average of our Sunday-morning services, in one continuous series of devout exercises, who without the aid of music would have found it impossible to control his wandering thoughts.

The whole spirit of the Church, we all well know, is in favour of the abundant use of singing in her public functions. As in all her practices, so in this, her system is based upon the profoundest knowledge of the natural necessities and capacities of man. Music, therefore, being the most powerful of all instruments by which the average class of minds can occupy themselves in meditation on any species of objects, she has given an almost unlimited encouragement to its use in her public offices. The more, then, our services are rendered musical, in our humble judgment the better. A singing congregation will rarely, if ever, be a careless congregation. Hymns and chants will lead penitents to the confessional, communicants to the altar, visitors to the poor, contributors to the treasury, postulants to the religious house, and youths to seek the priesthood. Adding to the pleasures of religion, they will cherish the spirit of self-sacrifice. The love of God and the love of man will be alike the offspring of those loud-sounding notes of joy and praise.

As to the English hymns at present available for those who desire to cultivate this species of devotions, there is unfortunately not very much to say. A few collections of original compositions have been published by different writers, which are more or less known to most of our readers. That we are yet, however, without any numerous, or generally popular hymns, is but too true. Still, one grand desideratum is already supplied. The Latin hymns of the Church have been translated with unusual success by Mr. Caswall; and a considerable number of his translations are eminently adapted for singing in Catholic congregations. Selections from his *Lyra Catholica* have been published at the lowest of prices;* and their use is gradually spreading in many quarters, both in schools and congregations. Though it is obvious to remark, that many of the breviary hymns are not fitted for *popular* use, still these selections will go a great way to supply all present necessities; while the better they are known, the more they will be prized.

In conclusion, we sincerely trust that the suggestions we have now taken the liberty of offering will not be considered too bold or out of place. Our aim has merely been to put into shape a large number of scattered thoughts and facts, many of which are already familiar to our readers; and to express upon paper, and in public, the views which are frequently expressed in private conversation among all classes of Catholics. The whole subject is unquestionably one of very

* "The Little Catholic Hymn-Book," price one penny; "Hymns for Schools, &c.," price fourpence.

considerable moment ; and we shall be most thankful if our humble remarks may be of service to those to whom the settlement of such matters rightly belongs, or who can take it up with more efficiency, and a better knowledge of its bearings, than we can pretend to claim.

A SOCINIAN VIEW OF CATHOLICISM.

The Prospective Review. No. XXIII. August 1850.
London, J. Chapman.

THE *Prospective Review* is the quarterly theological organ of the English Socinians, or, as they would probably term themselves, Unitarians. As such, its character cannot be otherwise than a subject of interest to Catholics. Every day Socinianism, in some shape or other, is making progress among the more educated classes. Torn and shattered as is the national mind by the controversies of the so-called "orthodox" sects of Protestantism, men who think for themselves are unceasingly either mounting upwards to faith, or subsiding into scepticism. To the latter, Socinianism offers an apparent temporary refuge against utter unbelief and Atheism. Englishmen *cannot* at once become infidels. Christianity and the Bible still have a hold upon their affections, even when their intellectual belief is gone, as it seems, for ever. Within the ample limits of the Socinian school, each successive stage of doubt finds a natural and easy resting-place. Lulled by the philosophic sounds of peace and charity, the soul glides gently downwards, till it finds itself lodged at the base of that precipice, from whose brink it could never have dared to spring. Descents of this kind are not, indeed, chronicled in the newspapers, for the very reason—among others—that they are thus gradual. Hence, neither Catholics nor "orthodox" Protestants in general, can form an adequate idea of the extent to which this approximation to unbelief is ever going on. Nevertheless, the fact being what it is, the various phases of Socinianism gather daily a fresh and more painful interest in our eyes ; and we watch the characters and movements of its influential leaders, as those of men with whom we must one day come into close collision.

If the object of Catholics in controversy with sceptics of any shade were victory, and not the conversion of the unbeliever, we might be disposed to rejoice in every exhibition

of Socinian ignorance, violence, and want of candour. If our sole object were to hold them up to the scorn of our fellow Catholics and to the derision of the world around, we might be vexed to read such of their speculations on Catholicism as shewed any measure of acquaintance with our creed, or any tolerant or religious feeling towards our practical spirit. A man who fights for triumph loves nought so much as a fool or an ill-informed knave for his adversary. A Catholic only laments that his opponents know so little of his real faith, and are contented without a searching examination into all its claims.

It is therefore not without pleasure that we have at times noted a fairness of tone, and an intelligent though partial study of our characteristics, in certain Socinian publications, which stand out in striking contrast to the shallow violence of other writings, both of the same school, and of the organs of common Anglican and Dissenting Protestantism. The real extent to which Socinianism has possession of English periodical literature is, indeed, in all probability known to few of our readers; while in most cases its hostility to the Catholic Church is as bitter as it is ignorant. Of weekly periodicals, the three most able and influential, viz. the *Spectator*, the *Examiner*, and the *Athenæum*, are purely Socinian in their opinions; and notwithstanding a very rare occasional exception, they can scarcely contain their rage and terror when aught that is Catholic crosses their path. On the other hand, the *Inquirer*, an able and *professedly* Socinian and religious journal, sometimes contains articles on Catholic subjects singularly the reverse of the violent speculations of the ordinary press; and the *Prospective Review*, now immediately before us, rarely overpasses the limits of courtesy, and (so far as we can judge) aims at an honest and intelligent discussion of the awful and momentous questions of which it treats. That a thoroughly philosophic and well-informed account of Catholic doctrine is to be looked for from *any* Protestant source, is of course out of the question. No man even understands what the Catholic faith is, until he holds that faith. No man can enter into our feelings, fathom our motives, or explain our actions, so long as he remains himself without the fold of the Church. It is visionary to expect an unexceptionable accuracy of knowledge in Protestant controversialists; or, consequently, such a charitable interpretation of our conduct as will satisfy our own consciousness of our true character. We must be thankful for any tolerable candour and correctness; and at times must give our opponents credit for a less angry abhorrence of our faith than their words would seem to imply.

Such an approximation to a just appreciation of the Catholic religion is supplied by the last-published No. of the *Prospective Review*. Rigid exactness of description, as we have said, is not to be looked for in it; but it contains so much that is curious and unusual in controversy, that our readers will be glad to see the chief passages to which we are referring. They are taken from an article reviewing Mr. Francis Newman's *Phases of Faith*; a book in which the author records his phases of *unbelief*, and traces his progress from "orthodox Protestantism" to a disbelief in all external revelation whatsoever. In an early page, Mr. Newman speaks of his brother in a manner to which recent circumstances lend a peculiar interest; and it is in connexion with what he here says, that the *Prospective Review* introduces the comparison between Catholicism and Evangelicalism which we are about to quote. We should premise, that we entirely agree in the reviewer's opinion, that it was Mr. Francis Newman's hatred of any approach to the sacramental doctrine in any shape, which caused him (apart from all purely moral and spiritual influences) to exchange Protestantism for Deism. What moral and spiritual influences may have conduced to foster this fearful change, it is not for us to inquire. The secret *springs* of man's conduct are known to God alone; and as we decline to subscribe to the reviewer's opinion, that the two brothers possess "reasoning powers equally acute," and are "equally uncorrupted by passion or by self," so we cannot venture upon personal strictures, or anticipate the judgment of Him who searches our hearts.

"We have often heard the remark," writes the reviewer, "that the radical characteristics of these two men are essentially the same; that the great problem of faith presented itself under like conditions to both; that their solutions, opposite as they seem, exhaust the logical alternative of the case, and are but the positive and negative roots of one equation; and that, but for accidental causes, or the overbalance of a casual feeling, their paths might never have diverged. Upon the evidence of their writings, this estimate has always appeared to us curiously false: and a passage in the present volume, which exhibits the divergence at its commencement, corrects the opinion in a manner deeply instructive. Speaking of his crisis of difficulty respecting Baptism, our author says:

"One person there was at Oxford who might have seemed my natural adviser; his name, character, and religious peculiarities have been so made public property, that I need not shrink to name him:—I mean, my elder brother, the Rev. John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother, who exercised towards me paternal cares, I esteemed him and felt a deep gratitude; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius, I admired and was proud of

him ; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never shewed any strong attraction towards those whom I regarded as spiritual persons : on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold towards them. Moreover, soon after his ordination, he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and in rapid succession worked out views which I regarded as full-blown 'Popery.' I speak of the years 1823-6 : it is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass before he learnt the place to which his doctrines belonged.

" 'In the earliest period of my Oxford residence I fell into uneasy collision with him concerning Episcopal powers. I had on one occasion dropt something disrespectful against Bishops or a Bishop, something which, if it had been said about a clergyman, would have passed unnoticed ; but my brother checked and reprov'd me,—as I thought, very uninstructionally,—for 'wanting reverence towards Bishops.' I knew not then, and I know not now, why Bishops, *as such*, should be more revered than common clergymen ; or clergymen, *as such*, more than common men. . . . I was willing to honour a Lord Bishop as a Peer of Parliament ; but his office was to me no guarantee of spiritual eminence. To find my brother thus stop my mouth was a puzzle, and impeded all free speech towards him.'—p. 10.

" 'Whence this incapacity for sympathy between two minds, both noble, both affectionate, trained in the same home, enriched by the same culture, intent upon the same ends ? With reasoning powers equally acute, and equally uncorrupted by passion or by self, they could not have found concurrence impossible, had it been within the resources of logic or of faithfulness. The difference, we are persuaded, ascends behind these, and lies in the original data from which each inquirer proceeded as his primary conditions of belief ; and we conceive that difference to be one which radically separates Catholic from Evangelical Churches, rendering their approximation intrinsically impossible, and limiting each to the range of one class of minds. A passing remark of our author's unconsciously opens to us the seat of this difference.

" 'For any one to avow that Regeneration took place in Baptism seemed to me little short of a confession that he had never himself experienced what Regeneration is.'—p. 15.

" 'The new birth, that is to say, is something which must be *felt*, and felt under riper conditions than those of the infant soul ; felt as a lifted weight of sin, a broken bondage of self, a free surrender to the will of a forgiving God. This reconciliation of heart, this joyful spring of free affection into the infinite arms, is a fact in the history of thousands ; and to him who knows it, it is vain to speak of any other Regeneration. To tell him that the sprinkled babe, in whom he sees nothing supervene, and who is evidently conscious of nothing but the water-drops, undergoes the stupendous change of a Divine adoption, seems to him to degrade the economy of Heaven to

a level with the arts of conjuring. When God breaks into the human soul, shall it be without a trace? Must He not shake it to its centre? and as He obliterates its guilt, shall there be no sense of clearness, and no tears of joy to make a fruitful place for every seed of holiness? Thus the Evangelical insists on *consciousness* as an indispensable evidence of a Divine change, and can accept nothing as *spiritual* except what declares itself within the human spirit, and exalts its highest action: and further, the kind of experience for which he looks is not possible to every mind, but is incident especially to passionate and impulsive souls. Not all good men, however, are formed in this mould: many who devoutly seek a union with God, and who believe a new birth to be the pre-requisite condition, are never vividly conscious of any Divine irruption for the emancipation of their nature; and for the erasure of guilt and the visitation of grace they must look back beyond the period of memory to the cradle of their life, and its earliest consecration: when they were born of water, they were doubtless born of the Spirit too. True, the saving touch was reported to them by no feeling; but are there not secret workings of God? and shall we deny Him because his approach is gentle, and his Spirit, instead of tearing us in storm, spreads through us insensibly like a purifying atmosphere? What hinders Him from redeeming and improving a nature that knows not its benefactor except by faith? If his presence lurks throughout unconscious nature, and is the unfelt source of all the beauty, life, and order there, by what right can we affirm that his Spirit cannot evade our consciousness? According to this view, which dispenses with the evidence of personal experience, the soul, in the reception of grace, is regarded externally as a natural object submitted to the disinfecting influence of God: and the Divine Spirit is treated as a kind of *physical* power of transcendent efficacy, or at least as an agency permeating physical natures, and so refining them as to transfigure them into spiritual life. No exact boundary is here drawn between the realm of sense and that of spirit, between the material energy and the moral interposition of God; they melt into one another under the mediation of a kind of spiritual chemistry, descending into organic force on the one hand, and rising into the inspiration of holiness on the other. This appears to us to be the conception which underlies the peculiarities of Catholicism. Hence the invariable presence of some physical element in all that it looks upon as venerable. Its rites are a manipular invocation of God. Its miracles are examples of incarnate divineness in old clothes and winking pictures. Its ascetic discipline is founded on the notion of a gradual consumption of the grosser body by the encroaching fire of the spirit; till in the estatica the frame itself becomes ethereal, and the light shines through. Nothing can be more offensive than all this to the Evangelical conception; which plants the natural and the spiritual in irreconcilable contradiction, denies to them all approach or contact, and allows each to exist only by the extinction of the other. They belong virtually to opposite influences, of

Satan and of God. They follow opposite methods, of necessary law and of free grace. They are cognisable by opposite faculties, of sense and understanding on the one hand, of the soul upon the other. This unmediated dualism follows the Evangelical into his theory as to the state of each individual soul before God. The Catholic does not deny all divine light to the natural conscience, or all power to the natural will of unconverted men; he maintains that these also are already under a law of obligation, may do what is well pleasing before God, and, by superior faithfulness, qualify themselves to become subjects of grace; so that the Gospel shall come upon them as a divine supplement to the sad and feeble moral life of nature. To the Evangelical, on the contrary, the soul that is not saved is lost; the corruption before regeneration, and the sanctification after it, are alike complete and without degree; and the best works of the unconverted, far from having any tendency to bring them to Christ, are of the nature of sin. So, again, the contrast turns up in the opposite views taken of the Divine economy in human affairs. The Evangelical detaches the elect in his imagination from the remaining mass of men, sequesters them as a holy people, who must not mix themselves with the affairs of Belial. He withdraws the Church from the world, and watches lest any bridge of transition should smooth the way for a mingling of their feelings and pursuits. The more spiritual he is, the more will he abstain from political action, and find the whole business of government to be made up of problems which he cannot touch. The Catholic, looking on the natural universe, whether material or human, not as the antagonist, but as the receptacle, of the spiritual, seeks to conquer the world for the Church, and instead of shunning political action, is ready to grasp it as his instrument. As the Gospel is, in his view, but the supplement to natural law, so is the Church but the climax of Government,—a Divine Polity for ruling the world in affairs of religion. It was for want of this view that the younger Newman, while able to honour a Bishop '*as a peer of parliament*' (irrespective of the legislative faculties of the individual), could pay no homage to his *church functions*, but the moment he turned to these, looked only at the personal qualities of the man. The elder brother, preserving the analogy between the temporal and the spiritual constitution of the human world, recognised a corporate rule for both relations; and saw no reason why, if *office* were a ground of reverence in an earthly polity, it should have no respect in a divine.—We might carry this comparison of the two schemes into much greater detail, without any straining of its fundamental principle. But we must content ourselves with the summary statement, that while (1) the worldly and unreligious live wholly in the natural, and ignore the spiritual; and (2) the Evangelical lives wholly in the spiritual as incompatible with the natural; (3) the Catholic seeks to subjugate the natural (as he conceives God does) by interpenetration of the spiritual. The tendency to the one or the other of these religious conceptions marks the distinction between two

great families of minds. The more impulsive and loving natures, whose good and evil are alike remote from self,—who find it an ill business to manage themselves, but can do all things by the inspiration of affection,—who detest prudence, and are perverse against authority, but are docile as a child to one that trusts them with his tenderness,—are necessarily drawn to the Evangelical side. Where the will, on the other hand, has a greater strength, and the conscience a minuter vigilance; where emotion is less susceptible of extremes, and persistent discipline is more possible; there religion will appear to be less a conquest of the soul by Divine aggression than a home administration quietly propagated from within, and the Catholic (which is also the Unitarian) conception will prevail. Intellectual power may attach itself indifferently to either side. But, if we mistake not, the imaginative faculty can scarcely co-exist in any high degree with the Evangelical type of thought. Its tendency on this side is always to *romance*, which is the invariable sign of feeble imagination; inasmuch as it totally separates the real from the ideal, and keeps them apart like two worlds to be occupied in turns,—the dull and earthly, the glorious and divine. In the Catholic theory, where the perceptive powers are less despised, and the natural and physical world is deemed not incapable of being the receptacle of God, the sense of beauty has free range; it mediates between the spheres that else would lie apart, detects the ideal in the real, and, like a golden sunset on the smoke-cloud of a city, glorifies the very soil of earth with heavenly light. We are convinced that to some want of fulness in this department of our author's mind must be attributed many of the most questionable sentiments characteristic of his book; especially his impatience at the historical details of the life of Christ, and his eagerness to hide the mysterious Jesus behind the clouds of heaven. Describing his impressions on first making the acquaintance of a Unitarian, he says:

“ ‘I now discovered that there was a deeper distaste in me for the details of the human life of Christ than I was previously conscious of; a distaste which I found out by a reaction from the minute interest felt in such details by my new friend. For several years more, I did not fully understand how and why this was, viz. that *my religion had always been Pauline*. Christ was to me the ideal of glorified human nature; but I needed some dimness in the portrait to give play to my imagination: if drawn too sharply historical, it sank into commonplace, and caused a revulsion of feeling. As all paintings of the miraculous used to displease and even disgust me from a boy, by the unbelief which they inspired, so, if any one dwelt on the special proofs of tenderness and love exhibited in certain words or actions of Jesus, it was apt to call out in me a sense that from day to day equal kindness might often be met. The imbecility of preachers who would dwell on such words as ‘Weep not,’ as if nobody else ever uttered such, has always annoyed me. I felt it impossible to obtain a worthy idea of Christ from

studying any of the details reported concerning him. If I dwelt too much on these, I got a finite object; but I yearned for an infinite one: hence my preference for John's mysterious Jesus.' (p. 102.)

"We are far from asserting that the Unitarians are a peculiarly imaginative people; and the disposition, criticised by our author, to magnify small and inexpressive traits, is a sure indication of defect in that feeling of proportion which imagination always involves. But the tendency to unbelief in looking at pictorial representations of miracle; the inability to find an ideal unity in the real Jesus of Nazareth, or to see in that gracious and majestic form the spiritual glory for which the heart craves; and the apparent admission that *anything* realised, anything 'too sharply historical,' thereby must 'sink into commonplace, and cause a revulsion of feeling,'—appear to us curiously to illustrate the un-idealising character of the Evangelical mind, and its tendency to run into romance."

Such is the aspect of the Catholic spiritual life which presents itself, through a somewhat discolouring and distorting medium, to the chief Socinian organ of the day. To say the least, it is sufficiently curious. With such a writer controversy becomes less odious than usual; and we can only express our regret that an equal amount of understanding and candour is so rarely displayed, even by the most Romanising of Anglican Romanisers.

Our Catholic readers will not need to be told where the reviewer errs and where he is correct; nor are we disposed to enter into a detailed exposition of the inaccuracies into which he has fallen. On one only point we must add a remark. The reviewer's theory respecting the peculiar class of minds which become Catholic is utterly without foundation in fact. That the Evangelicals are for the most part deplorably unimaginative, we think as confidently as he does. It is a characteristic of that arrogant sect which has long struck us with singular force. Apart from their heresies, they are the dullest beings in creation. But that a thoughtful and observant person, like the writer before us, should conceive that "the more impulsive and loving natures, who find it an ill business to manage themselves, but who can do all things by the inspiration of affection," are drawn to Evangelicalism rather than Catholicism, is a proof of the marvellous ignorance of *the facts* of Catholicism which besets the fairest of non-Catholic reasoners. Would that we could make all such reasoners acquainted with the true character and present religious life of some ten or twelve intelligent converts to the Catholic faith, chosen at hazard from any large assemblage,

as specimens of the classes of minds which the Church attracts to herself. We say *converts*, and not persons educated as Catholics, because, though the differences are as great among the latter as among the former, an objector might allege that they only remained Catholics through the force of habit, and that naturally they would never have submitted to the claims of Rome. Let any such ten or twelve, then, be chosen; and we have no hesitation in saying, that in all probability they will present as many distinct types of character as there are individuals. Imaginative and unimaginative, docile and wilful, tender and austere, Puseyitical and Puritanical, the lover of freedom and the lover of obedience,—all will be found among them; and more than this, with their natural peculiarities only brought out into the more striking contrast from the unanimity with which they submit to the one authority, and the heartiness with which they appreciate the blessings of Catholic faith, Catholic morality, and the entire Catholic system. No reflecting man can *be* a Catholic for any length of time, and not mark the singular energy and facility with which minds of totally dissimilar characteristics throw themselves into the practical life of Catholicism, and find in her laws, not a despotism, but a true parental authority. It is not unfrequently remarked, that converts, after a few years' life as Catholics, are themselves more intensely than ever. Their natural character comes out more deeply marked, with all its personal peculiarities, than is possible under any shade of Protestantism. The Catholic element is added; what is sinful is, we trust, destroyed, or at least held in check; what is infirm is, we also trust, invigorated; the whole mind, moreover, is employed, and that not servilely, but with a glad filial freedom, in the service of the Church. But with all this, whether they are married or unmarried, whether they become priests or remain laymen, whether they are seculars or monks and nuns, whether they are Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists, Oratorians, Dominicans, or of any other religious order, still what is natural in them (without being sinful) is developed and not crushed; they grow upwards in the mould in which they were cast by the hand of Him who first created them, and not in any Procrustean shape, strange to their fellows and painful to themselves. So true it is, not only that the Catholic religion attracts, wins, and subdues minds of every conceivable type, but that when it has absorbed them into itself, it nurtures them precisely as God has made them, and grace over-masters nature, not by a tyrannous power, but by infusing into her a quickening life.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE first volume of *Benedict the Fourteenth on Heroic Virtue*, a translation of a portion of his great work on Beatification and Canonisation, has appeared in connexion with *The Lives of the Modern Saints* (Richardson). Eulogy on such a book would be at once superfluous and almost impertinent. We shall, however, take as early an opportunity of recurring to it, as the subjects which now occupy our pages will permit.

In connexion with this translation, we may recommend one of the works published in the Abbé Migne's series, *The Complete Works of Monsignor De Pressy, Bishop of Boulogne*. They contain an analysis of another portion of Benedict XIV.'s treatise, namely, that which refers to miracles, illustrated by several remarkable examples, which cannot be too strongly recommended to the study of all who are concerned in the publication of reports of supernatural events. The rest of Monsignor De Pressy's writings are also sufficiently remarkable to merit their recent republication. Probably no Catholic prelate ever issued a larger amount of contributions towards philosophico-dogmatic science in the form of "Pastorals" than this learned Bishop. Born in the year 1712, he presided over the diocese of Boulogne for forty-six years, at the time when the philosophic infidelity of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists was preparing the way for the French Revolution. During his long life he laboured incessantly in the great work of Christianising the intellect, and in counteracting the poison of French infidelity. His writings treat especially on the harmony of faith and reason, not only in general, whether historically, dogmatically, or philosophically, but in many of the details of the great Christian doctrines. Besides this, they comprise ascetic and devotional works, and others which are especially useful to the clergy, such as Statutes for the diocese of Boulogne, a Pastoral on Ecclesiastical Conferences, remarks on preaching, and on the duty of instructing the people, and rules for the establishment of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On the whole, it would be difficult to name a more interesting, instructive, or voluminous collection of episcopal writings, issued by the author in his official character.

A most important addition to the evidences for the Divine origin of Christianity and Catholicism is to be found in the new edition of *The Works of De Riambourg* (Paris, Migne), now just issued. M. de Riambourg, who died in 1836, was one of the brightest ornaments of the French magistracy; and his philosophical and theological writings are precisely of that character which commends itself to many of the most reflecting minds. His *Difficulties of Atheism and of Deism* present a singularly clear and profound view of this particular branch of Christian evidences, and may be most profitably studied by those who are overwhelmed with the awfully

mysterious character of the doctrines of revelation. The *School of Athens* and the *School of Paris* are masterly expositions of the metaphysical systems of Pagan and non-Catholic philosophers. The treatise on *Rationalism and Tradition* discusses the impotence of human reason to discover the knowledge of God, and adds a large amount of information on the Chinese and Scandinavian traditions, and their relationship to the history and doctrines of the Bible. Various other ingenious and profound philosophical speculations complete the volume.

A remarkably creditable specimen of Irish skill is furnished by some *Chromo-Lithographic Drawings of an Irish Ecclesiastical Bell, supposed to have belonged to St. Patrick* (Belfast, Ward and Co.). The drawings are well executed; unusually so, indeed, for a provincial town, whether in Great Britain or Ireland. They represent the bell itself, and the four sides of its enamelled and jewelled shrine. This latter is the work of the twelfth century, and is a very good illustration of the well-known characteristics of ancient Irish art. The upper portion of the shrine, in particular, shews the gradual rise of that peculiar foliage which was brought to so much perfection in the thirteenth century. An interesting essay on the Bell and Shrine, by Dr. Reeves of Ballymena, is prefixed to the drawings.

The last month has been fertile in single Sermons. *The Church and the World* (Dunigan), a lecture by Bishop Hughes of New York, is a vigorously-sketched outline of the relationships of the social and spiritual communities, shewing the origin and rights of each, and expounding the Catholic doctrine on the subject of revolutions.

Somewhat similar in subject is Bishop Gillis's brilliant *Discourse on the Mission and Influence of the Popes* (Dolman), which shews how much the Popes have done, not only for the Church, but for the world, in which the Church is placed.

Not very dissimilar in its topics is one of the last sermons preached in England by Dr. Wiseman, *The Social and Intellectual State of England compared with its Moral Condition* (Richardson). This is one of the Right Reverend Prelate's best sermons, and contrasts the atheism of English commerce with the religious aspect of Venetian enterprise in the golden days of the Republic.

Another Sermon, from a less known preacher, deserves more lengthened notice, from its being the first he has yet published. *A Panegyric on St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland, pronounced in St. Patrick's Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Augustin Stothert* (Dolman), is published at the request of St. Margaret's Association, an account of which Society was given in *The Rambler* for April 1849. The discourse itself is, we think, an excellent example of a full, unembarrassed utterance of earnest Catholic thought, in a style thoroughly refined and educated. Mr. Stothert steers clear both of bold commonplace and of vulgar extravagance of rhetoric. He has solved the problem, now more than ever of

serious importance, how, on the one hand, to avoid distressing the cultivated ear by tawdriness and exaggeration, and on the other, to avoid wearying the less informed by cold polish and scrupulosity of refinement. Simplicity, earnestness, and careful thought, it may be said, will ever secure all that reason can require. Yet the very difficulty is for the public speaker, whether in the pulpit or out of it, to be at once earnest and simple. Still, the times seriously demand strenuous effort in this direction; and we hail with satisfaction the fresh proof contained in Mr. Stothert's discourse that the preaching talents enlisted in the service of schism and heresy among our northern neighbours are encountered in the heart of their intellectual capital by a clergy equal to the necessities of the times.

The article which appeared in the *Dublin Review* respecting the notorious *Dr. Achilli* has been reprinted as a pamphlet (Richardson). If the subject of this scourging should again emerge from his present quiescence, we can only trust that some zealous Catholic will always be ready to put these pages into the hands of those who are disposed to believe in him.

The Catholic Annual Register (Dolman) is the first volume of a new serial, forming a species of supplement to the *Catholic Directory*. It contains Papal Rescripts, Pastorals, and other similar documents, with Catholic statistics of various kinds. The opening paper, a retrospect of Catholicism in Great Britain, contains many curious and important facts. It shews in fearfully striking colours the rapidity with which the increase in our Catholic population has outrun the increase in the clergy. In 1780 there were about 70,000 Catholics in England and Wales, and 359 clergy, giving about one priest to every 190 of the laity. At the present time there is but one priest to about 1400 of the laity! These also are disposed in the most unequal divisions. A qualification, indeed, is to be made in the comparative proportions, from the fact that in 1780 there was a far larger number than now of rich men who had private chaplains. Allowing, however, the very utmost for this drawback, in 1780 there was to be found one priest to about every 300 or 350 laymen. In other words, the spiritual necessities of the Catholic Church in England and Wales are now *four times as great* as they were seventy years ago. A quotation, in the same paper, from the Rev. J. Berington's pamphlet on *The State and Behaviour of English Catholics*, incidentally confirms a statement made not long ago in our pages relative to the *numerical*, as well as proportionate, decrease in our wealthy Catholics. "I recollect," says the writer quoted, "the names of at least ten noble families that within these sixty years have either conformed (*apostatized*) or are extinct, besides many commoners of distinction and fortune." Among other interesting matters in the *Register*, a paper on the most celebrated of recent German and Continental converts is worth notice.

A further illustration of the past history of English Catholicism will be found in the August Number of *The Catholic Magazine and*

Register, in a sketch of the late Dr. Baines, with portions of his correspondence.

Another Catholic periodical has ventured into the field of journalism, to which we wish every success. *The Messenger* is a Dublin monthly publication, in shape like the *Athenæum* or *Literary Gazette*. It contains papers on Christian art, on Catholic hymns, on the conduct of the clergy in secular matters, besides fiction, poetry, and criticism.

The Lamp, and its merits, are by this time known to most of our readers. Its chief promoter is one of the most zealous of Catholics in labouring for the diffusion of Christian knowledge among the poor; and we cannot too cordially wish him success in this and his other undertakings for the same end.

Mr. Allies' recantation, *The See of St. Peter the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity* (Burns and Lambert), demands a more lengthened notice than our present space permits. It is extremely able, and reminds one forcibly of the difference between the movements of a blind man when his eyes are opened, and his hesitating helpless wanderings while he remained in darkness.

Dr. Russell's translation of Leibnitz's *System of Theology* has reached us too late for more than cursory notice this month. The value of the work is well known, and its essential value is increased by the editor's introduction and notes.

The author of "One Word on the Existing Constitution of the Anglican Establishment" has written a *Letter to the Editor of the "Guardian"* (Burns and Lambert), in reply to that unscrupulous journal's misrepresentations of his "One Word." It is an excellent specimen of a controversial reply,—keen, self-possessed, and entirely to the point.

A new *Vesper-Book for the Laity* has just been issued by Messrs. Burns and Lambert, which contains every thing that can be desired. It has the merit of containing both the Latin and English for the whole Vespers Office throughout the year; including the proper offices of the Saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the Society of Jesus. The prayers are all carefully translated under the superintendence of Dr. Wiseman.

A clever outline of the inconsistencies of Protestant Bibliolatry will be found in an anonymous publication, *The Holy Scriptures; their Origin, Progress, Transmission, and True Character* (Dolman). We have not been able to examine it throughout, but it is clearly very acute, and seems well adapted for circulation among Protestants.

The Empire of Music, and other Poems, by Alfred Lee (Pickering), is a pleasing collection of verses, genuine in feeling and elegant in structure. All the world seems to think it a duty to praise the divine art of sweet sounds on every fitting occasion, but it needs no

acute perceptions to discover that in not a few instances the praise is the offspring of thought and not of feeling. The author of these poems (whose real name, we understand, is *not* Alfred Lee) is an exception to the ordinary rule. He seems to be uttering the tribute of an unfeigned homage to the power of music over his heart.

Mr. Robson's *Constructive Exercises for teaching the Elements of the Latin Language on a System of Analysis and Synthesis* (Taylor, Walton, and Maberley) has reached a second edition in a short period. We should be glad to know the results of his system as tried in one of our Catholic Colleges. It is based on the idea of the *crude-forms* of words, now adopted by many German and some English scholars. The old system starts with one of the complete forms of any one word (whether noun or verb, of any kind), and from it carries forward the entire structure of declension and conjugation. The "crude-form" method, on the contrary, commences with a certain independent word, from which *all* the various cases, persons, numbers, and genders are formed, by the addition of a suffix. The old method thus starts (or professes to start) with the elementary *idea*; the new method starts with the elementary *sound*. In actual teaching, each method has probably its own advantages; and we should be glad to see a fair and extensive trial given to the more novel plan. Apart from its peculiar theory, Mr. Robson's book treats on what are called the rules of grammar with a great deal of sound sense, and endeavours to impart to the learner *ideas of what he is really about*; a thing, we need scarcely add, which forms a very small portion of the aims of many of the antiquated Latin and Greek Grammars of the past. Mr. Robson is one of the Masters in University College School, London, where seven years' experience of the results of the crude-form method of teaching warrants him in speaking in decided terms of its practical utility.

The month has supplied a few musical publications of more than average merit, and likely to be useful to Catholics. Dr. Crookall and Mr. Dolan have published *The Gregorian Tones for the Psalms, arranged for Four Voices, with Organ Accompaniment, as used at St. Edmund's College* (Burns and Lambert). If ever the speculations in which we have indulged in our remarks on "Popular Services" should be realised, and our Vesper Services should improve in quality by diminishing in quantity, this is just one of those manuals we should desire to see in use. The melodies of the Tones are in the first place genuine, so far as Rome and the Papal choir have been enabled to preserve them intact, without Anglification, Gallification, or Germanification. The harmonies are, further, in principle based on the laws of nature, and not on any antiquarian fancy; and, so far as critical choice is concerned, at once simple and unpretending, with that *slight* dash of abruptness which to many ears lends a peculiar piquancy and zest to the superb old melodies. The edition also includes several cadences which have been undeservedly neglected in this country.

Dr. Crookall's "Sacred Song" *Surge Amica mea*, or rather motett for solos and chorus, is a lively and solid composition, which will be popular wherever it is known. If compositions of this kind, at once pleasing to the devout listener and satisfactory to the critic, had been more universal in our churches and chapels during the last twenty years, we should have seen fewer persons flying to a bald and ultra-Gregorianism, as a refuge from the theatrical audacities of vocal ladies and gentlemen.

A cheap and useful manual for schools and singing-classes will be found in Mr. Crowe's edition of *Wilhem's Method of Teaching Singing* (Burns and Lambert). The First Part is now ready. It is somewhat altered from Wilhem's original publication, but less so than Mr. Hullah's edition of the "Method." The "Method," we need hardly add, is little more than a series of exercises, beginning with the first elements of music, so complete as to give the pupil a thorough mastery over all that he pretends to learn. *All* well-taught professional singers go through a practically similar course, and it is just this *thoroughness* of teaching which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, enables us in five minutes to distinguish a professional singer from an amateur. Mr. Crowe is engaged in teaching various Catholic Poor-Schools, and we trust his edition of Wilhem will gain access to our schools throughout the country.

Novello's Part Song Book is a monthly collection of Glees, Madrigals, and Choral Pieces, chiefly original, edited by Mr. E. G. Monk. The four numbers before us give promise of a very useful and agreeable series. Most of the pieces are published for the first time, and all for the first time in England. Some of them are of more than ordinary merit, especially Mr. Macfarren's compositions, of which one of the Shakspeare songs, "Orpheus with his lute," is charming and full of meaning. The "Song of the Railroads," by the same composer, is a particularly lively and taking little chorus. Two pieces by the editor are flowing and graceful both in melody and harmony, and the four numbers contain nothing really unworthy of insertion.

Ecclesiastical Register.

THE Synod of Thurles has completed its sittings, and the Pastoral of the Primate, adopted by the entire Synod, announces its results. It need scarcely be said that the Queen's Colleges are condemned absolutely. The *Acts* of the Synod are sent to Rome for the sanction of the Holy See, and when that is obtained they will be formally published. Meanwhile, a Catholic University is to be founded, under the superintendence of a committee consisting of eight Bishops, eight priests, and eight laymen. The Irish clergy are to contribute two per cent on their incomes, and Dr. Cantwell gives 11,000*l.* from funds at his disposal.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SHEFFIELD.

ONE of the largest and most complete Gothic churches yet erected has been opened at Sheffield, built from the designs of Messrs. Weightman and Hadfield. There were present six Bishops, and about forty clergy, regular and secular. The size of the church may be estimated from the following details:—The plan of the building consists of nave and aisles, with tower, porch, and side chapel, transepts, chancel with side chapels, and the vestries. The total length from the east to the west wall within is 143 ft. 7 in., the chancel being 38 ft. 2 in., and the nave being 105 ft. long; the breadth of the nave is 24 ft. 8 in.; the breadth of the aisles is, north 18 ft., south 17 ft.; the greatest breadth across the transepts is 82 ft. 8 in.; nave, from floor to ridge, 51 ft. 10 in.; chancel, from floor to ridge, 48 ft. 4 in.; the tower is to the parapet 92 ft. 3 in. high; the spire is, up to the cross, 95 ft. 4 in. high; and the cross and vane is 8 ft. high; making a total height of 195 ft. 8 in.

From a print of the church published in the *Sheffield Times*, it appears to be a remarkably striking building, and eminently creditable to the architects. It will be seen from the measurements that the aisles are somewhat wide in proportion to the nave. The chancel is of ample dimensions, gained chiefly by its length.

OPENING OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT YORK.—Another Gothic church, not upon the same large scale as that at Sheffield, but yet of considerable size, has been completed at York, from the designs of Messrs. J. and C. Hansom. Four Bishops and about fifty clergy were present. The church is 105 feet long by 55 broad, and appears to be, though not highly ornamented, yet a striking and excellent building.

NEW CHURCH AT HOWDEN, YORKSHIRE.—The new Mission commenced in this town about two years ago by the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception has made so much progress as to be in a condition to commence a church, the first stone of which was laid by the Bishop of the district. The building (by Mr. J. Hansom) is to be Gothic, of the thirteenth century, to accommodate 400, and to cost—it is said—not much more than 800*l*.

THE WEDNESBURY MISSION.

THIS Mission, situated at about eight miles distance from Birmingham, in the centre of the mining district of south Staffordshire, numbers a thousand Catholics (all of them poor), but is destitute of church, school, or resident pastor. The following letter of the Vicar-Apostolic of the Central District to the Missionary appointed for Wednesbury renders it unnecessary to make any further statement of the case.

St. Chad's, May 21st, 1850.

Dear Mr. Montgomery,—In taking up, at my request, the organisation of the mission of Wednesbury, commenced by the lamented Mr. Crewe, whose soul be in peace, you have in hand one of the most urgent and necessitous works that the English mission can point out. A whole congregation, and that a fast increasing one, has there grown up and come together without having either chapel, school, or resident pastor; and this desolate mission is placed in the midst of a vast population, out of which it is well known that many are longing for truth and grace. I earnestly implore the blessing of God upon you, and upon all who co-

operate in the work on which you are engaged, and pray that a mission may soon be established where it is so very much needed.—I remain, my dear Rev. Sir, your devoted servant in Christ,

✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Contributions are solicited in order to procure for the poor Catholics of Wednesbury a church and school. A Baptist meeting-house has already been purchased by Mr. Montgomery, but he is without funds for converting it to Catholic purposes. Those who know even the *aspect* of the county and population where Wednesbury is situated will not need to be told of its wretchedness, and of its claims upon all who *can* give. Contributions should be paid to the Rev. George Montgomery, Bilston, Staffordshire.

THE BROTHERS OF CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

(From the *Catholic School*.)

THE workings of the Catholic Church present many and different aspects. The nurse of all that is poetical, sublime, and heroic, she is no less remarkable for the sober virtue of common sense. Nor is this surprising; for, while concerned with the supernatural, she has a work in the world. To do the will of God is her *business*; and she sets about the task with prudence. Religious Orders form a ready exemplification. As in the affairs of life experience has taught the value of "division of labour," and, acting on the principle, has partitioned every profession and trade and manufacture amongst many hands, of whom every one devotes himself to his own particular function, and from practice attains to success in it; so the Church allots the various works of mercy, corporal and spiritual, among appropriate communities of devoted men and women, and by securing undivided attention, concentrated effort, and well-maintained tradition, reaches a point of high and sustained perfection unattainable by other means. Far be it from us to attribute success to any other source than Divine Providence. But God blesses the use of means; and we repeat that, in working through Religious Orders, the Church selects the means which human prudence indicates as the wisest and best, and in using them, succeeds.

Who converts the poor abandoned woman, pronounced irreclaimable by magistrates and prison chaplains, and boards of reformatory discipline? The Sister of the Good Shepherd. Who best cares for the neglected orphan? The Sister of our Lady of Norwood, or of Mercy of Liverpool. Who visits the poor, tends the sick, teaches the young, befriends the aged,* reforms the convict?† The answer is still the same—Religious *Orders* devoted to a special purpose. Good works thrive under them, and, it would almost seem, under them alone.

Impressed with this belief, the Catholic Poor-School Committee have unceasingly desired to increase the number of schools under religious teachers, and to extend the influence of teaching Orders; and it is no secret that, under the direction of the Bishops, they have for the last two years been maturing the preliminaries for the introduction into England of a brotherhood specially adapted to our wants. The brotherhood in question is that of the "Frères de l'Instruction Chrétienne,"

* An admirable Sisterhood, whose success is astonishing, has care of "Alms-houses" for the aged and infirm, at St. Servans and other places. Why should it not be so in England? Is not the success of seculars doubtful and precarious?

† See two deeply interesting little narratives, *Les Jésuits au Bagne*. Paris, 1850.

or "Frères Lamennais," flourishing in Brittany under their distinguished founder, the Abbé J. M. de Lamennais. Under the care of this admirable man, the Committee, in 1848-9, placed some good English youths, who will, it is anticipated, be prepared to commence their home-work with the coming year; and in prosecution of their design, they sent the Secretary to Ploërmel in the spring of the present year, with the view to obtain a more complete acquaintance with the principles of the Order.

Twenty years ago, the province of Brittany contained but five religious schools for the poor. Those five schools exist still; but in addition there are between 700 and 800 brothers teaching schools reticulated over the whole face of the province. The Brothers have also extended to Auch, in the south of France, and to the French American islands, where their services are most highly valued by the French Government, and are not unknown to the Ministers of Queen Victoria.

The object of the Order is to provide education for the whole male population of the places they serve. The main principle is to conform with plastic ease to the existing state of society in those places, saving, of course, the fundamental rules of the Order, and to accomplish the good work with economy.

They pursued their object perseveringly, and in a way best illustrated by examples. In a town like Dinan, where they are the only teachers,* they will establish five schools: 1. A boarding-school for the upper classes. 2. A day-school for the same classes. 3. A day-school for the poor, infant and juvenile. 4. An evening school. 5. An industrial school. Each school will consist of as many "classes," under different Brothers, as circumstances require; and will have its own separate school-room and play-ground. The rich and poor will be kept entirely distinct, but treated with the same kindness, and taught the same subjects. The boys, whether poor or rich, who remain at school for the longest time will naturally advance beyond those whose education is of a more perfunctory character. The Brothers will teach any subjects or accomplishments which their pupils desire to learn. Some creditable specimens of drawing and painting may occasionally be seen. Vocal music is not neglected. In such an institution there will, of course, be many Brothers.

On passing from the town into a country district, a change in the school system accompanies the change of manners. Here a delightful simplicity prevails, and combines the whole community, to the exclusion of class-distinctions. One school then is enough, under one Brother. The rich and poor attend together, and learn the same subjects in the same room.

In a third place, perhaps, as at Rennes, where the Brothers of Christian Schools already teach the poor children, the Brothers of Lamennais will institute schools for the middle and upper classes, not interfering with the work of others, but completing what is wanting in the education of the district.

By this means education is in a great measure made self-supporting. Thus, in a country school, let us suppose there are ten boys who pay five francs each per month: these boys, then, supply 600 francs a year, which is the whole pension of the Brother. The Commune has but to find the school-house, and all is done. The poor children receive a religious education quite gratuitously; the rich boys gladly make a re-

* We exclude from consideration schools in connexion with the University, which appear to be utterly unchristian and bad.

turn in money for the blessing of solid instruction kindly conveyed ; the whole parish is trained to godliness ; the wicked school, if there be one, is first deserted, and then closed ; the sacraments are more frequented ; the population is reformed. This is no mere fancy, but fact. May what has been done in Brittany be speedily commenced in Great Britain !

In all their schools the Brothers attend their scholars to Mass in the parish church every morning—a regulation, we do not hesitate to say, which ought to be adopted in every Catholic school.

On tablets round the schoolrooms they suspend short sentences, setting forth the chief duties of the children ; and these play an important part in the school discipline. Thus, if a child come late to school, the Brother, catching his eye, would point with the signal to the tablet bearing : “ It is our duty to come early to school.” This action, accompanied by a look of sorrow, is for the most part sufficient reproof. Corporal punishment is of course unknown. Grave faults would be punished by such a penance as saying a task upon the knees ; or in an extremity, by solitary confinement. Kindness is the soul of the system : the boys love their teachers with a heartfelt affection, and therefore are easily controlled : their affection and confidence are reciprocal.

Nor do they neglect human incentives to exertion. Regularly once a week there is held an examination of every class in the work of the previous six days, and the pupil who has made the greatest advance is decorated with a small cross of the Legion of Honour, which he displays in his jacket for the following week.

The Brothers wear the broad hat and cassock, with a brass crucifix displayed upon the breast.

Every school contains an image of our blessed Redeemer upon the cross ; and the boys, in going through their evolutions, at the first click of the signal always rise and bow to it. Images of our dear Lady and St. Joseph, and holy pictures, are also common.

The Brothers do not recommend large schools, though, where necessary, they do not refuse to conduct them. A larger number of smaller rooms, each under its own Brother, is considered far preferable to one room of very great size. A Brother to 50 scholars is about the average.

Their system is chiefly collective, carried on wholly by the Brother. Little favour is shewn to the monitorial method, upon the ground that the authority of a boy over boys is ridiculous. The boys continue seated during most of their lessons.

Once a year, in the middle of August, the Brothers from all parts of the province assemble at the Mother-house of Ploërmel, and go through their grand retreat. They bring with them to the Father exact statements of the financial condition, debts, and liabilities of their school.

In order to promote economy, every thing required in the Order is made by the Brothers. They make and mend their own clothes, bind their own books, cultivate their own gardens and farms, and carve the fittings for their schools. The carriage in which the Father makes his tours of visitation is the handiwork of Brothers ; and a better carriage it would not be easy to find in Brittany.

The mechanical arts are valued by the Father for more reasons than one : they enable him to receive virtuous young men into the Order, with confidence that, even should they not prove to be competent teachers, they will not be unemployed ; they afford change and recreation to brothers fatigued with mental labour. But they are chiefly valued as a preservative against vanity and pride. The Father considers that the natural effect of simple intellectual occupation upon young men, and especially if taken from the labouring classes, is to engender a conceit

incompatible with the true solid religious spirit: to correct this tendency he looks to manual labour.

The effects of their training and discipline are manifest. The Brothers, content to serve God under obedience to superiors, abandon all self-seeking, and work where they are placed. In a country parish, between St. Servans and Ploërmel, the writer was shewn a school: the room was dilapidated, and in all respects out of order. The children were insufficiently clothed, and obviously the offspring of the poorest; they crowded the small school-room quite inconveniently. The teacher was an intelligent, sweet-tempered Brother, beloved alike by the children and their parents, and qualified by his abilities, no less than by his character, to conduct a school of a high class. On leaving the school-room, the Father observed, while something like a smile of triumph passed over his features, "Brother — has laboured in that wretched school for fourteen years without one wish to leave it." When will secular normal schools produce such a teacher as this? Never while human nature retains its characteristics.

The Order demands a peculiar spirit: the Brothers have to maintain the purity of monks, while mixing freely with people of the world. In teaching schools of all ages and classes, it is often needful for them to converse with the mothers, and other female relatives and friends of their pupils; they must not, then, dread the sight of a woman. In this respect they must be like secular priests: accordingly, in their very noviciate, women are employed to wash clothes in the sight of the novices, but in a part of their grounds to which access is prohibited; and it is not uncommon to see a Brother talking with his mother or sister. Nevertheless, they are under no circumstances allowed to take one morsel to eat or drink at the table of seculars. In some cases, and invariably where a single Brother is employed, they take their meals with the parish priest, but are bound to leave the table as soon as the cloth is drawn.

Such are a few of the striking features of the Brotherhood: all their arrangements are full of wisdom and Christian feeling; and if any thing has been said of a doubtful nature, let it be attributed to the ignorance and erroneous representation of the writer rather than to the Order to which he ventures to refer.

The English novices at Ploërmel are full of hope: the Poor-School Committee expect to receive a detachment of them towards the close of the current year, and to employ them in the neighbourhood of London. Their places in the noviciate will be taken by fresh postulants, and a constant supply maintained until such time as England shall have a place of training of her own. By recommending proper subjects, friends have it in their power to aid a work so full of promise to our country. Postulants should be natives of England, from 18 to 25 years of age, of good health and constitution, and well grounded in learning. If possessed of some means, or of friends willing to assist them, so much the better. Their piety must be solid, and their desire to labour for God, in this particular way, earnest and sincere. Without such qualifications, they will but incur disappointment by entering upon a course which, we are bound to say, offers to the natural man much of trial and difficulty and hardship. They must have faith to look for their reward hereafter, and be satisfied, under the patronage of our admirable Mother Mary, to hold in this world a lowly position, full of toil and trouble, obeying constantly the will of others, and striving with a single intention to secure, after their own salvation, the welfare and eternal happiness of the little ones among the flock of Jesus Christ.

If these remarks should fall into the hands of any wealthy person desirous of devoting his substance to the promotion of religion and education in Great Britain, we would suggest to him to consider whether it be possible to find any object so deserving and so beneficial as the endowment of an English House of Brothers of Christian Instruction. *Mater admirabilis, monstra te esse Matrem!*

ANCIENT CRUCIFIXION IN ENGLAND.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in London, Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq., M.P. for Newport, read "An Account of the Discovery of some Nails of a peculiar form, supposed to have been used for the purpose of Crucifixion, at Bourne Park, near Canterbury."

The information respecting the finding of these nails was supplied to Mr. Martin by his friend Mr. Bell, of Bourne. They were found in 1846, in excavating for the purpose of enlarging a piece of ornamental water.

Mr. Bell, in a letter to Mr. Martin, written April 26th, 1850, says: "There were, I think, either three or four skeletons in a good state of preservation lying near together, about two feet under the surface, without any appearance of a tumulus over them. There were about four nails, or the remains of them, found with each skeleton, more or less corroded." Some were quite straight, others were much bent.

After the second skeleton had been discovered, Mr. Bell directed the foreman of the works to take care that any future skeleton should not be touched till he had himself seen it. "Soon after," Mr. Bell adds, "he came to me with the intelligence that another had just been discovered, and he added, 'There is one of those long nails driven right through the shoulder-blade.'" Mr. Bell went immediately to the spot, but the workmen had disarranged the bones and the nail; when he saw it, it was not in the position in which the foreman had assured him it was when first seen. No other remains beside the nails were found with the bones, nor were there the least indications of any coffins.

About thirty or forty feet from the skeletons were found several sepulchral urns, of the usual shapes; and at the same spot was discovered a vessel of very thin green glass, which fortunately was preserved entire, and the fragments of another. These were the facts of the case. In support of the inference drawn from this discovery, Mr. Martin passed his observations on the peculiar form of the nails, coupled with their unusual size, remarking that the discovery of the urns in close proximity shewed that these remains were Roman, and that the practice of that nation to punish both slaves and thieves by crucifixion was sufficiently known.

THE JESUITS AT DETROIT, CANADA.

A FEW years ago the Catholics of Detroit were few and scattered; they had but one church—no schools, no institutions. Now we can count in the city of Detroit four large churches—one German, one Irish, one French, and the cathedral, which is chiefly visited and supported by the Irish Catholics of Detroit. The Sisters of Charity have already established a large school and hospital, both of which are in a prosperous condition. There are many other academies, institutions, and societies scattered over this large diocese. Besides, there are schools